

BUYING A HORSE. By R. S. SUMMERHAYS

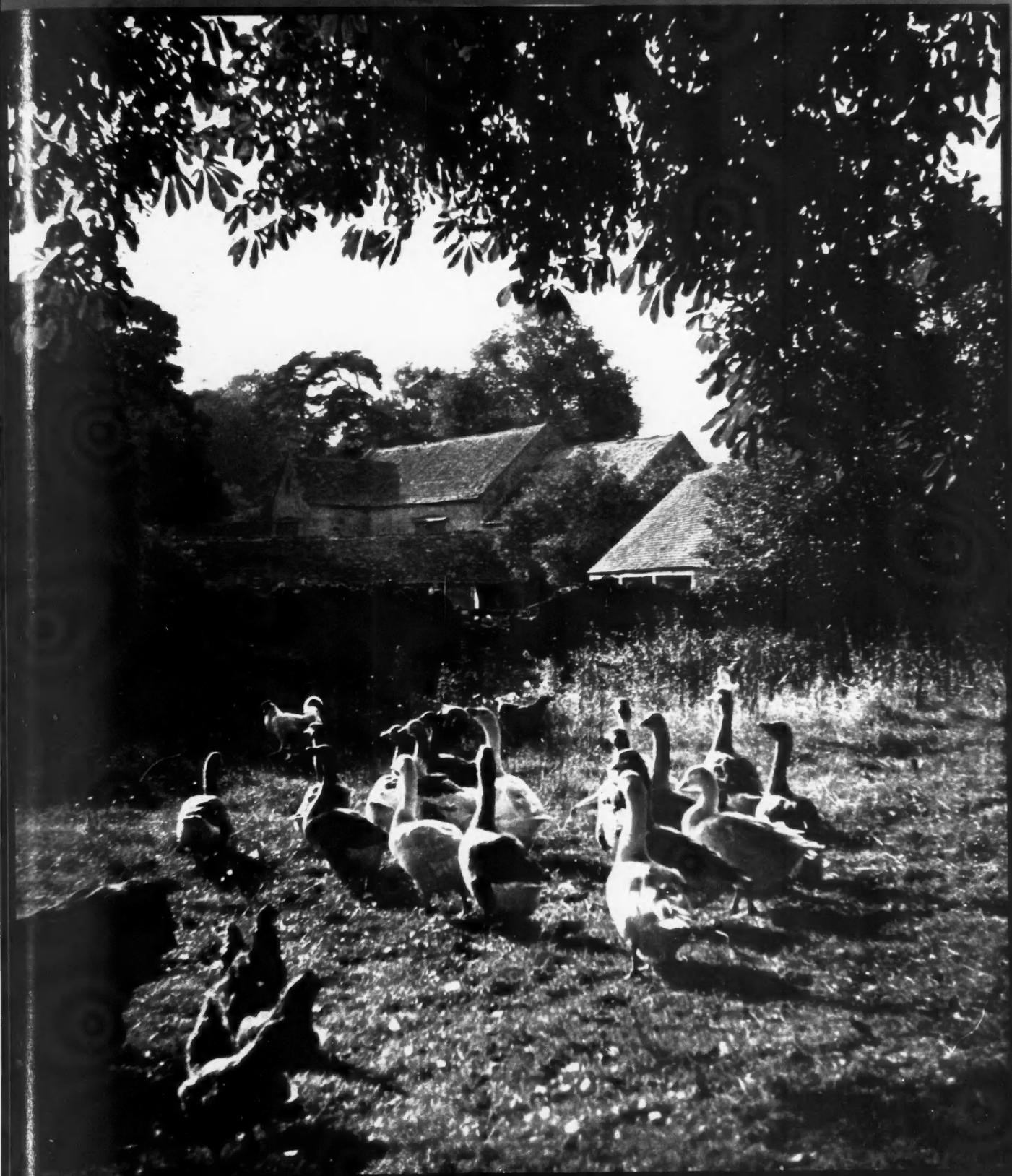
# COUNTRY LIFE

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OTHER PROPERTY AND AUCTIONS ADVERTISING PAGE 358.



# COUNTRY LIFE

Vol. XCVIII. No. 2537

AUGUST 31, 1945



*Harlip*

MISS NANCY GIBSON

Miss Gibson, a petty officer in the W.R.N.S., is the elder daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel William Gibson, D.S.O., M.C., and Mrs. Gibson, of Bramleys, Great Missenden, Buckinghamshire

# COUNTRY LIFE

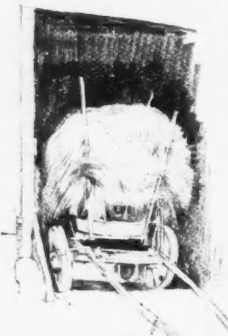
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## AN ACID TEST

IT has been evident ever since the Dissolution that the reputation of the incoming Government would be made or marred by its handling of the series of problems which centre upon the provision of housing: housing for the returning Service men, housing for the dislocated industrial population, and, as important as anything, housing for the agricultural workers. Here, if anywhere, are practical things to be done as rapidly as possible, unhampered by political theory and on that basis of impersonal organisation which carries a military commander to victory. The fact that the Labour Party had widely advertised their intention of promptly setting up a Ministry of Housing if they were returned to power led many people to think that they were on right lines; that practical needs would be allowed to over-ride ideologies. It now appears that the Ministry has been "put into cold storage." That "chaotic Department," the Ministry of Health, about which Mr. Greenwood, our Co-ordinator-in-Chief, had so little that is encouraging to say, will continue to be responsible for all new housing. It may be a good thing, on the other hand, that the Ministry of Works is to be a definite Supply Department for the building industry as a whole; but where, one may ask, does the Ministry of Planning come in?

The announcement, which suggests a continued demand for much inter-Departmental co-ordination, was coupled by Mr. Greenwood with the statement that there will henceforward be no subsidy available for building by private enterprise—the agency which before the war built four out of every five of our houses. That surely means, in view of the phenomenal rise in costs, that there will be no building at all except by local authorities. We do not wish to enter into a controversy here on the relative merits of "council houses" and private enterprise, but that the course taken is not entirely dictated by motives of technical expediency is tolerably clear. The fact is underlined by the Government's refusal to reintroduce the Housing (Rural Workers) Bill, which was shelved at the Dissolution. Here, if anywhere, is a test case. The Hobhouse Committee in 1943 published a very complete analysis of rural housing needs and pointed out that, though ultimately new houses were everywhere to be desired, urgent arrears could be met by large-scale reconditioning of cottages. They recommended alterations in the Statutory Reconditioning Scheme so as to make it at once more workable and more attractive to owners. Yet the Bill continuing and amending the scheme is to be scrapped, which means that all subsidies will stop, and assisted reconditioning be at an end.

Why is this being done? Mr. Greenwood simply says: "The Act on the Statute Book has never worked." He conveniently ignores the fact, as Ministry of Health circulars show, that the Acts have simply been ignored by many local authorities and that in spite of this dereliction of duty, 28,000 cottages have actually been reconditioned in England and Wales. There are probably double that number which could be effectively dealt with in a shorter time, and with far more effective use of materials and labour than will be made in providing an equivalent amount of accommodation in entirely new houses. Mr. Greenwood himself agrees that reconditioning is "an immediate contribution" to the solution of housing problems. Only nothing must be done to encourage it so far as rural owners are concerned. It must be regarded only as "part of the general housing campaign" which means, presumably, that initiative will be left entirely to local authorities, many of whom have already shown their hostility to a policy which, according to the Hobhouse Report, they mistakenly regard as "putting money in the pockets of private persons." "We shall need to use," says Mr. Greenwood, "for the solution of this most grievous of our domestic problems, every agency that can properly be used." Apparently the owners' desire to recondition his cottages is not one of those agencies.

## WATER MAGIC

*SLOW moves the boat in slim grace where  
The sunset glow enchants the stream:  
There is a glory in the air  
Spun from a golden gleam.*

*Folded with flowers in amber light  
Tranced lawns blend smoothly with grave trees  
To bring new beauty to the sight  
In delicate degrees.*

*The willow tassels sway and sigh  
To teasing breezes where we pass  
In silence on a mirrored sky,  
At sunset on a stream of glass.*

WILLIAM KEAN SEYMOUR.

## CITY PLAN CRITICISMS

THE Observations on the City of London Plan is the first report ever published by the Royal Fine Art Commission, to which the proposals were submitted by the Corporation. Hitherto the Commission's judgments have been confidential. In this case they are so important that evidently it was thought desirable to give them currency. They recommend so many changes in detail and broad treatment, that the rejection of the Plan by the late Minister of Town and Country Planning can be seen to have been justified. The criticisms are, of course, made from the Commission's particular view-point of public amenity, which includes traffic and architectural considerations, but it is emphasised that the alternatives suggested have been ascertained to be practicable. First, they recommend abandoning the City Embankment, proposed originally in the Bressey Report, in favour of a 100 ft. wide east-west artery formed by widening the west half of Queen Victoria Street, Cannon Street, and cutting through via Crutched Friars to Aldgate. This would enable the necessary access to the riverside, and the forming of a 7-acre open space adjoining the Tower uninterrupted by traffic. Other important changes in street plan are recommended, besides a larger open space round St. Paul's, especially west of it, to form a ceremonial forecourt, and the removal of heavy traffic from the immediate precincts. The Plan's failure to make provisions for the eventual removal of the high-level railways is criticised as unrealistic and liable, by default, to allow new buildings that might actually impede satisfactory replanning when these lines are removed, as the Commission is evidently convinced they will be sooner or later.

## OFFICE BUILDINGS OF THE FUTURE

THE fundamental defect of the City Plan is that it appears to envisage little improvement in the size, shape, and alignment of building blocks. It is in the planning of the shape and intersection of widened or new streets that the Royal Commission regard the proposals as "falling very far short of what is desirable." Moreover, adoption of the maximum height of 80 ft. for frontages would encourage building to the full height on the main streets, leaving the back lands, as they so often are, congested, dark and mean. It is urged that the Corporation should give a lead in this matter "to enable a proper replanning of entire City blocks to be undertaken, in vertical section as well as in plan, and greater thought given to the method of developing the back land enclosed by small streets." The modern type of city building improves the direct lighting of offices (by abolishing wells), their protection against noise (by setting back all but the lower storeys), and the architectural composition of the block (exemplified by the Underground Building), while the floor-space can be maintained, even increased, by closing redundant alleys and yards, some of which should be devoted to car parking and garaging. By abandoning the tradition of continuous façades in favour of tower-like structures, not only would all windows look outwards but more light and air be admitted to the streets.

## ANIMAL BREEDING RESEARCH

IT is no secret that during the war many of our agricultural visitors from the States and the Dominions were profoundly shocked by our neglect of what may be called practical genetics. We are now, however, to have more and better organised genetical research under the control of the Agricultural Research Council. Professor White, of Bangor, and Dr. C. H. Waddington, of Cambridge, are preparing a scheme for Great Britain, laying down lines of experiment and systems of investigation. Similar systems are first to be studied abroad and research centres then chosen. It is quite obvious that the results of fresh research on slow-breeding farm stock will be long before they have much effect on agricultural practice, and it is sincerely to be hoped that every advantage will be taken of the experiences of the past in already existing centres—such, for instance, as the Edinburgh Institute of Animal Genetics, which has long been a mecca of post-graduate training for such work. Apart from this, a very careful and close co-operation with breeders and recording societies seems essential.

## "THE DEVIL'S BOOKS"

AMERICA, the land of the Gallup Poll and of other researches into public opinion, has recently held a survey as to the respective popularity of card games. Rummy is at the head of the list, followed by Solitaire and Contract Bridge and then at a respectful distance come Poker and Auction Bridge. The players of Contract can afford to smile at the pre-eminence of the less intellectual Rummy, much as might the Chess players if Halma or Reversi, to name two old friends of our youth, were to head it in a popular vote. That which will probably come as a surprise to people in this country is that Auction can still keep reasonably close to Contract. In the United States it is apparently the less popular of the two only to the extent of a mere ten per cent. There are no statistics as to this country and doubtless that admirable game is still to be found in houses where as a rule the host has never played Contract and is therefore the more certain of its inferiority. But it is not to be found often and only lingers as Whist lingered for a while, doubtless to the indignation of Mrs. Sarah Battle's shade, before being swept away by the tidal wave of Bridge. And a propos of that formidable personage, what has become of Preference, which the ladies of Cranford played with such persevering passion? For card games as for all else there is a time and a season.





Gertrude F. Kidney

GRAPPENHALL VILLAGE, CHESHIRE

## A COUNTRYMAN'S NOTES

By

Major C. S. JARVIS

**R**ECENTLY I have had the opportunity to re-visit—properly equipped for the occasion—a stretch of the Frome, west of Dorchester, on which in my subaltern youth I had learnt to use the dry-fly, and which I had last fished on a peaceful Summer evening a few days before the war of 1914-18. So far as I can ascertain from a very incomplete diary, which I forget so often to keep up to date, I gather that my return to the water was on the actual anniversary of my last visit, thirty-one years ago, to this river, which flows for its whole length through a stretch of country that embodies all the best features of the peaceful English countryside.

\* \* \*

**T**HE last occasion I had fished the water was fixed indelibly in my mind for, though it was by no means remarkable so far as the bag was concerned—just a brace of trout on a pleasant Summer evening—it was to constitute for me a happy and constant memory upon which to look back during the next four dreary years of war in a desert land, when the rod lay idle in a cupboard at home, and the moth played havoc in the compartments of the fly-box. During that long period of exile I used to see in day-dreams the haze of red sorrel along the river's bank, and the swifts swerving and screaming in a sunset sky, hear again the children in the village school by the bridge singing the evening hymn, and in imagination breathe in that "sweet and rotten, unforgettable, unforgotten river-smell" which is a thing one longs for so intensely when the hot dry wind roars in from the desert. The 1914 war came so suddenly and unexpectedly to a land which seemed the embodiment of peace, and all that peace can mean, that the last few days of that long and pleasant period of calm and contentment, which ended for all time on August 4, 1914, live in the memory.

**I** WAS pleasantly surprised to find the stretch of river almost precisely the same as it had been on the evening of my last visit over thirty years ago. There were no war-time factories or other new buildings in the little green valley, and the old water-mill was in working order. The narrow side stream still flowed through the garden of the village post-office, returning to the river below the bridge and providing a safe retreat with rich feeding for big fellows, which sometimes come down into the main stream after dark for the night rise. The two ancient moss-grown piles, relics of long-departed camp-shedding, stood up in the centre of the deep pool at the sharp bend, and the same two-pounder, or his great-grandson, was rising intermittently between them. To revive old memories I repeated the exploits of my youth by putting him down, and leaving my fly in the down-stream pile.

\* \* \*

**A**T the top of the water where the boundary fence takes the form of an osier bed a dozen good trout, all of them beyond casting distance, were rising steadily and confidently in the ripply run beneath the overhanging branches, and I remembered that this was a constant feature of other days. I used to suspect even in those good old times, when there were big hatches of fly coming down-stream most of the day, that this unprecedented rise from morning to night was not quite genuine, and on the occasion of my return visit, when floating insects were as sparse as they are on all the other streams in the south of England, my sus-

picious were almost confirmed. It is perhaps going too far to credit the trout with an intelligence—a cussed one—which causes him to rise to non-existent flies solely to annoy, but none of the experienced dry-fly men I have met has ever been able to explain why it is that an "ungetatable" fish will feed all the hours of daylight, and for some time after dusk, when others of his species in less protected spots take several hours off for contemplation and digestion. I may mention that I caught a brace of trout, both of which were well over the 11-in. size limit. I had to work very hard for these fish, but as the latter end of July is the worst possible season for fly-fishing, and, taking into consideration the many trout which rose once just to demonstrate their presence, I gathered that the stock of fish in the river was at least equal to that of other days.

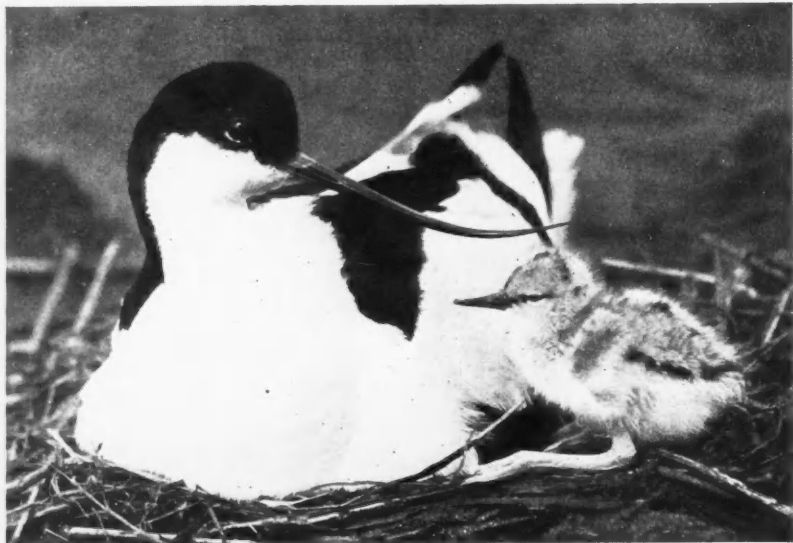
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**W**HILE there are so many features of Continental hotels which the hosteleries of this country might copy with advantage, it is to be regretted that the only recent inspirations they have obtained from the many examples set them on the other side of the Channel should be the less desirable ones, and take the form of the absence of soap from the bathrooms and lavatories, and the presence of the ten per cent. levy on the bill's total to provide gratuities for the staff. Neither of these un-British innovations is popular with the visitors of to-day, but we excuse the soap situation, which is obviously dictated by the strict rationing of this commodity and the general deterioration in the standard of our national honesty. This is such that a half-used cake of soap in a public bathroom is fair game for what one might call the "new light-fingered," who now take the place of the "new rich" that figured so prominently as a feature of the last war.

# A VISIT TO TEXEL ISLAND

By LT.-COL. LORD TWEEDSMUIR

Photographs by NOL BINSBERGEN



THE AVOCET, ONE OF THE BIRDS WHICH, ONCE COMMON IN ENGLAND, HAVE BEEN DRIVEN TO TEXEL TO MAKE THEIR LAST STAND IN NORTHERN EUROPE



A FAMILY OF MONTAGU'S HARRIERS



BLACK-WINGED STILT ON THE NEST

AT the southern end of that long irregular chain formed by the Friesian Islands lies the Dutch island of Texel. It is some 70 square miles in extent and, while its name is familiar to all students of English naval history, it is rarely visited by Englishmen with the exception of a few bird-lovers and adventurous yachtsmen.

Much history has been made in the shallow seas that pound on the island's sandy shores. In July, 1653, Van Tromp met his death in a desperate sea battle in which he and his great comrade De Ruyter fought a day-long engagement against Blake, Dean and Monck. Twenty years later De Ruyter engaged a combined English and French force under Rupert and D'Estrees in the same waters.

In 1794 that daring and able French general, Pichegru turned the hard Winter of that year to good account by taking his cavalry on to the ice, and capturing the Dutch fleet as it lay ice-bound between the island and Den Helder.

It was off Texel, too, that in May, 1797, Admiral Duncan lay with the *Adamant* and the *Venerable*, the only ships available owing to the widespread mutiny in the British Navy. For a month he bluffed Admiral De Winter, with 15 Dutch sail-of-the-line, by signalling to an imaginary British fleet in the offing. Reinforcements arrived in June, and in October of that year he destroyed the Dutch fleet at Camperdown.

British troops occupied Texel during the last year of that century, and that same year the treasure ship *La Lutine* was wrecked off the neighbouring island of Vlieland. Her ship's bell has become famous at Lloyd's, who also possess a chair and a table made from her rudder. In 1857 a Dutch salvage company recovered nearly a hundred thousand pounds from the wreck, but more than ten times that amount still stays strewn among the North Sea tides.

All these happenings but little affected the dwellers on Texel. Perhaps the sea-birds wheeled and screamed and settled again at the sound of cannon, but the dwellers in the thatched farms and cottages paid little heed. In 1667 they trooped into the imposing red-brick churches of Den Burg and Hoorn to give thanks for the success of the Dutch fleet who had burned the British fleet at anchor in the Thames and so seriously embarrassed King Charles's government. But the fishing and the sheep-shearing kept them too busy to bother with wars until the Summer of 1940, when they came under the heel of the most ruthless invader in all recorded history.

The Germans considered Texel a strategic point and built a strong coast defence battery at either end of the island. In the flat ground in the centre they built a fighter airfield. The infantry garrison was a large one and included some 750 Russians who had been taken prisoner and pressed into the German Army. About a month before VE-day the Russians rose against the Germans and in a single night slew the entire German garrison, except the gunners in the shore batteries who were inaccessible behind mines and barbed wire. One German officer escaped during that night, and reached the mainland. He returned next day with more than a thousand reinforcements and some tanks. For a month an epic battle raged, in which the Russians, heavily outnumbered and shelled not only from the Texel batteries but from the mainland as well, resisted stubbornly. VE-day came just in time to save them. The Germans were evacuated, having suffered two thousand casualties, as against the Russian five hundred. The remnant of the Russian force, now numbering less than 250, were removed to a Russian camp, and full credit was given to them for the gallant part they had played against the Germans, whose uniform they had been forced to wear.

The task of superintending the removal of the Russians to the mainland took me to Texel on July 17 this year. As we steamed away from the island, with the Russians firing a *feu de joie* from the decks of the ferry-boat, I determined to return and explore it at the first opportunity. A month later, on a brilliant afternoon, accompanied by a Canadian brother officer, I drove my jeep off the ferry on the little wooden jetty at Oudeschild, the island's principal port. We left the harbour and its little forest of masts, where the fishing boats were moored.

The island drowsed in the afternoon sun. The road ran between turf walls that border the little fields. Here and there were cottages and small farm-houses with their distinctive shape that gives them the appearance of little thatched pyramids. A salt breeze blew gently from the west and mingled with the smell of new-mown hay. Somewhere in the clear air was always a solitary duck, slanting against the sea breeze. A few curlew rose lazily from the fields in which oyster-catchers and lapwings strutted, or stood gravely to regard our passing.



We put up for the night at the inn in the little market square of Den Burg. From the tower of the great church you can look down on the whole island, which is about fourteen miles in length and three miles wide. Along the North Sea shore runs a bank of sand dunes, covered with grass and scrub. At the northern end a long grass-grown dyke keeps out the sea, while at the southern extremity the island ends in a great beach of golden sand. The northern end was once a separate island and is called Eierland (literally Egg-Land). Inland is a myriad small pasture fields, enclosed by walls of turf. In the crypt of the great church is a handsome memorial stone, bearing a coat of arms in which a large heraldic frog is conspicuous. We later discovered that the present owner of this long-descended Texel family was our inn-keeper. We recruited his help in obtaining guides, and explained that, interested though we were in German fortifications, we were much more interested in birds. We eventually selected two, from a large number of volunteers; a member of the Resistance Movement, who knew where the mines were, and another, who professed a knowledge of birds. Both spoke some English.

We set off next morning after breakfast on what promised to be a scorching day. The inn-keeper thrust into my hand a small brochure purporting to be a list of all birds nesting on the island, their names in Latin, Dutch and English. The list contained 89 varieties and I now know it to be incomplete. Of these, 58 varieties might be found in any equivalent area of the English Midlands, and another 18 on any stretch of the Norfolk coast. But thereafter appear the names of those birds whose ranks the collector has thinned almost to extinction, or driven from our shores as a breeding species only to return as rare visitors. Such are the golden oriole, the Icterine warbler, marsh-harrier and Montagu's harrier, the quail, the white stork, the black tern, ruff, avocet, and Kentish plover, the black-tailed godwit, and lastly that beautiful and romantic bird the spoonbill.

We drove northwards from the village. A haze of warmth lay over the whole island. Leaving the main road we followed a concrete track that wound through the dunes to the North Battery. Some Dutch Quislings were at work guarded by sunburnt members of the Resistance Movement. On the sun-warmed base of a huge Radar installation an oyster-catcher sat and piped. A Montagu's harrier glided slowly by, intent on its hunting, passing low over the casemates that housed the big German coast defence guns. Two more oyster-catchers shrilly piping jinked to one side as the camouflage netting on a gun-muzzle flapped in the breeze. Nature had come into its own again.

Our next port of call was a farm-house several miles to the south. The farm was tucked



THE BEAUTIFUL AND ROMANTIC SPOONBILL



BLACK-NECKED GREBE, SAFE FROM THE COLLECTOR'S GRASP

away at the foot of a long ridge of dunes, which sheltered it on the seaward side, and was approached by a long sandy cart track. The farmer was an official bird-watcher. Bidding us follow his footsteps carefully, because of mines, he led the way up the steep slope of the dune. We had expected to find the sea below us, but as we reached the top we found ourselves looking into a steep marshy valley, enclosed by another line of dunes nearly a mile away, from which came the low murmur of the lazy North Sea swell.

In the valley below us were reed-fringed ponds and a tangle of marshy growth, with here and there a square cleared patch that had been a cottager's hayfield. Four majestic white birds flapped slowly down the valley and settled beside a marshy pool. This was the nesting colony of the spoonbills, and the Holy of Holies. This marshy valley is the citadel of spoonbill and black-winged stilt, black-tailed godwit and black-necked grebe, bittern and avocet, marsh and Montagu's harrier. Here those rare and beautiful birds, once common in England but driven from her shores by greedy and unscrupulous collectors, have made their last stand in Northern Europe. Here they are safe: doubly safe through the accident of war, for in that valley are other white landmarks than spoonbills and avocets. Dotted throughout its length and breadth are signboards painted white, and ornamented with the skull and crossbones and the words *Minen Liebensgefahr*. The accident of war has set the seal of security on that valley, and its inhabitants, more powerful and more effective than any act of Government.

Half our day had gone by the time we



(Left)  
BLACK TERN—  
ALIGHTING ON  
THE NEST



(Right)  
BLACK-TAILED  
GODWIT WERE  
UNDISTURBED  
BY VISITORS

reached the jeep again. Our guides now took us to a small pinewood near Den Burg, and stopped at a cottage. This was the home of Mr. Nol Binsbergen, probably the best-known photographer of birds in Holland to-day. He had not long returned from a German prison, and his son from forced labour under the Nazis. The latter met us and, thrusting his stockinged feet into a pair of clogs, climbed into the jeep. His father, he said, was photographing terns and we yet might catch him at work if we hurried.

We tore along the road to the northern Dyke and by three o'clock had left the jeep in a farm-yard at the road's end. We trudged along the side of the old grass-grown dyke towards a promontory of salt-marsh that ran seawards from it some half-mile farther on. Over the promontory, which was perhaps half a mile in extent, hung a screaming cloud of birds, wheeling and flashing in the sunlight. As we approached the clamour redoubled. Oyster-catchers flew close by us, or defied us from the top of the dyke; shelduck crossed and recrossed in front of us. The keen piping of redshank mingled with the steady screeching of gulls and terns. Avocet came close enough to see their strange upcurved beaks. Two black-tailed godwit, after a prolonged stare, allowed us to pass within twenty yards, without moving. On a sandbar on the outer fringe of the promontory sat five spoonbills, surrounded by a bevy of cormorants, who looked unbelievably raffish beside those serene, snow-white shapes. The brilliant July sun set the ripples sparkling, and turned the moving host of birds into a kaleidoscope of gleaming white.

Removing our boots and socks we sallied across the muddy creeks into the centre of the promontory. Young Binsbergen led the way. The uproar redoubled and the air filled with furious parent birds, mostly black-headed gulls and terns. In normal years we would have been too late for the nesting, but in the early part of this year a high Spring tide had

flooded the breeding grounds and the birds had set to work to lay again. Thus it was that, as we entered the gull colony, we had to pick our way with the greatest care to avoid stepping on the nests in the sea-wrack, and the fat brown youngsters.

Our eyes were so glued to the ground that we came quite unexpectedly upon the little square tent in which the elder Mr. Binsbergen was sitting. We were in the ternery now, and within a four-foot radius of the tent were eight nests, all of the common tern. The nest that

he had been photographing was not more than two and a half feet from the lens of his camera. He climbed out of the tent and motioned my friend and myself to enter, while he and his son withdrew to a distance. It was cramped quarters for two, and our toes stuck out underneath like a row of muddy pebbles.

In less than two minutes the birds had returned. Hardly had I had time to adjust a hole in the canvas to my vision, when every parent bird was back at its nest. Some sat placidly on their eggs as if nothing had happened; one carefully removed eggshells, while another appeared to engage in a long argument with its round, downy chick.

The afternoon was nearly spent now. We clambered out of the tent again, causing an uproar among the birds that was almost intimidating. Retracing our steps to the dyke, we cleaned off some of the mud on its grassy sides. At the farm-house where we had left the jeep we had a glass of milk with the farmer. He had hidden two American pilots who had crashed close by. Unfortunately the Germans had found them hidden in his barn that same night and had taken them away. Contrary to their usual rule they did not shoot the farmer and his family.

We took the Binsbergens back to their house in the pinewood, and pored over the boxes of photographs that represented Nol Binsbergen's life work. He presented me with some which are reproduced with this article. They were chosen at random from the hundreds that he showed me. As the author of several bird books he has a considerable reputation in Holland, but his work appears little known outside. His imprisonment, he told me, was very arduous, because he could see so few birds. Being among the birds is life itself to him.

Next day, with many invitations to return, we left the island. There may be many who have visited Texel and seen that great secure citadel of the birds of Northern Europe. They will have tasted its charm and realise why I am so anxious to return.



A RUFF IN FULL BREEDING PLUMAGE



# BUYING A HORSE

By R. S. SUMMERHAYS

**W**ITH an increase in land under grass, now permitted, and the war now at last at an end, the would-be one-horse owner looks hopefully ahead. At last the possibility, so long denied, of owning a horse or pony is within reach, for the war years, more than any other period, have taught the horse-owner that, given enough grazing, a horse, and especially a pony, can be kept for eight months of the year with little if any supplemental feeding. Stock-raising is now the policy of the Government, and with it, of course, goes the permitted increase in grazing and, and the cow and the horse always make a good farming partnership.

What then are the points to remember in buying a horse? The best advice for the novice has always been the same: seek a dealer of repute, tell him how little you know, describe the type of horse required and the money available, and disappointment will be unlikely. Many, however, with perhaps a little knowledge, will chance the delights and enjoy the doubts of making a deal of their own.

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The head can be very lovely or very plain or something in between. You can take your choice, but it must be kindly with a generous eye: discard the pig-eye, which is a mean eye. The jaw should be flat and round like a plate and wide sprung—see if you can put your fist in it. The muzzle, especially in Arabs and thoroughbreds, should be small and tapering, in the former, able to be "put in a pint pot," as they say, and of very delicate texture, velvety and pleasant to the touch. Both lips should fit firmly soft over the teeth; the under lips should not be pendulous, nor should the upper be elk-shaped and hanging. For the fitting of head and neck a description is difficult. At the join, the neck must be neither thick nor thin, for the virtue lies rather in its being of medium thickness, but very refined and flexible, with the throat and its functionaries delicately outlined. It should impart distinction to the head.

The neck must be put on the right way, as we say; that is, if the crest is on the underside, it leaves an ewe-shaped neck which is a bad fault and one all too common. In the riding horse the shoulders must be sloping and well laid back—you can imagine they are, when often they are not—and the withers must be pronounced. Fashion decrees (and other more potent reasons too) that the back must be short. A number of long-backed horses, however, have won the Derby and the National and played in international polo, but never mind—you want the nearest equivalent to a Show horse and therefore he must have a short back. Look to his girth: it must be great, and it is a curious thing that however great in relation to the size of the horse, it is never out of proportion. Well-sprung ribs must be there—this is another way of saying they must be barrel-like, and the body must give not the slightest appearance of emulating the herring! Herring-gutted, we call it. The quarters must be high, level on top, wide across, and wide through—and indeed butto and buxom; remember the horseman's ideal, "the head of a lady's maid and the behind of a cook." And so we come to the tail. The higher set-on it is the better: avoid the reverse at all costs.

The legs are most important of all. The most over-quoted remark in the horseman's language is "no legs, no horse." They should be not long—the shorter the better in all but thoroughbreds—clean and lean with hard flat bone and plenty of it, short below the knee with sinews showing like

thick steel wire, the muscles of the arm pronounced and impressive. Of the hind legs, the sinews and muscles should be the same and the second thigh or gaskin (the part of the leg above the hock) strong and purposeful, and the point of the hock as near the ground as may be. The feet must be hard, open, each with a good and pronounced frog—smooth in texture and looking as if they would not be marked if hit with a heavy hammer. Each should stand on sloping pasterns of a length and slope to show no weakness.

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And now for the less obvious, but in some respects more important points. Stand back and look at the horse, for you want to see if he stands true and solid as if he meant it. Avoid the horse which looks as if a good push would cause him to alter his stance, and I assure you there are many such. He must be right down on his four legs—purposeful. See if you like his whole appearance. Every good horse impresses. Is there anything mean or wanting about him? Do you take to him? Now, stand in front. His chest should be wide and comfortable—a narrow pinched chest is always bad. Go to his side again and look at his elbows. Do they stand well out, making for easy striding, or are they pinched and do they tend to turn in? A bad fault this, which often passes unnoticed by the uninitiated. So too, does a horse that is "back of the knee," as it is called, when the front of the bone below the knee (the cannon bone) tends to go backwards instead of forming a perpendicular line with the leg bone above the knee. Very few people seem to detect this fault.

As well as looking for the many signs of unsoundness, make a most careful inspection of the horse's hocks. Here it does indeed require an expert to commend or condemn with complete accuracy. There is many a sickle hock (in theory, shaped like a sickle but difficult to describe in words) which will pass those who should know better, and it takes a good man to know when a hock is just all it should be. There is a sweep, a stance, and a definite workmanlike appearance which alone satisfies the expert, but which the novice cannot hope to appreciate.



**THE EARL OF ROSEBERY'S BLUE PETER. DERBY WINNER IN 1939.** Outstanding shoulder, perfectly proportioned and balanced neck, the head refined, the muzzle soft and delicate, a lovely front. Steel-like legs and the sweep of the quarters all they should be. A model of grace and speed

And now to the most important thing of all: how does the horse move? Stand well back and have him walked round you in a wide circle. He should "walk on," as we say, that is, he should swing along in an easy, graceful, almost languid way, moving his shoulders, swinging his stride, eating up the ground. Now reverse the circle—put him on the other rein, as we say—and do the same thing at the trot. You should notice no difference except in pace. There must be no knee showing (except in the harness horse of course) and no punching the ground: he must be graceful and easy. Now send him into a canter. Daisy cutting in front and behind is what is required—the toes, all four of them, clipping the daisies daintily, the toes in front stretched to their limit, the hocks behind swung under the body like great propelling levers.

Finally, have him walked towards you and away from you, trotted towards you and away again, two or three times. This is of the highest importance; he must be a level mover. His feet must not go close together either in front or behind, he must show an open chest and his hocks must be neither wide open nor the reverse, which is called cow-hocked. Above all no foot must cross the other, no toe must be turned in, nor one turned out; the near feet and the off must run on the same track and the rails must be spaced properly, the gauge neither wide nor narrow, but suitable to the size of the animal. Brushing or knocking fetlock joints together is as bad as it can be.

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These are some of the vital things which the judge sees in the ring and which the spectator cannot. Nor does he have the advantage of riding the horse as does the judge. Here, then, is a short and simple guide to better buying, but no horse should be bought for riding unless he is ridden, and in that there is much to look for and guard against. So have him ridden and at all paces. Do you like him more, or perhaps less? If you think of buying him ride the horse yourself and, in the fewest words, this is my advice. A Hunter must be bold and courageous; you must sense a great heart between your knees. Ask him to gallop on, really gallop, and can you, with perhaps a strongish feel or two on the rein, bring him to a slow canter? Danger lies ahead if you can't. A Hack? The refinement of grace, gay, light and airy, balance and poise with manners. Then the Pony—if this is to be a child's pony it must be honest, without trace of evil or mischief,



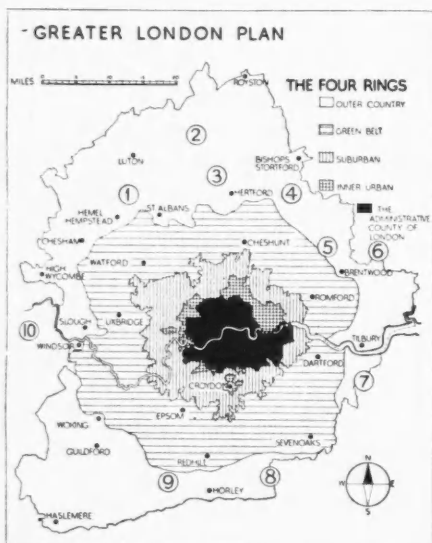
W. A. Ruch

**MR. F. H. UNWIN WITH HIS CHAMPION THOROUGHBRED HUNTER MARE CAVALLINI.** Substance with great refinement. A fine shoulder, great depth of girth with very short back. A big mare, but standing over very little ground. Note the sinews of steel below the knees and hocks, the great quarters, the kindly well set-on head. It was impossible to fault Cavallini

# THE GREATER LONDON PLAN

(Right)

THE LEE VALLEY GREEN WEDGE. Looking north towards London with Broxbourne Park in the foreground. It is recommended that reservoirs, sports grounds, every piece of open land, should be welded into a great regional reservation, none of which, whatever its present use, should be built on



(Left) THE INNER URBAN RING, i.e. the already urbanised older suburbs, is zoned for 100-75 per acre population density, involving some decentralisation; the SUBURBAN RING averages 50 per acre with a few "inner urban" centres such as Croydon; the GREEN BELT, 5 miles wide, is intended to yield recreation and fresh food—only small increases of population permitted to existing towns. The OUTER COUNTRY, predominantly agricultural, is also to be the principal reception area of population with 8 new Satellite Towns: 1 Redbourn, 2 Stevenage, 3 Stapleford, 4 Harlow, 5 Ongar, 6 Margaretting, 7 Meopham, 8 Crowhurst, 9 Holmwood, 10 White Waltham (near Maidenhead).

(Below) A MODEL OF A TYPICAL SATELLITE TOWN

A bird's-eye view into the future of Chipping Ongar; showing the division of its area into "neighbourhoods"





## A TOWN OF THE FUTURE

Rather more than half of one of Chipping Ongar's residential neighbourhoods is seen in this closer view, looking westward. In the right foreground is Greenstead Park with the community centre and the avenue leading up to Greenstead village and church; in the centre are the shops, with a school to the left and 3-storey flats beyond. Terrace and detached houses are shown in groups surrounded by park strips. Most of the trees shown already exist



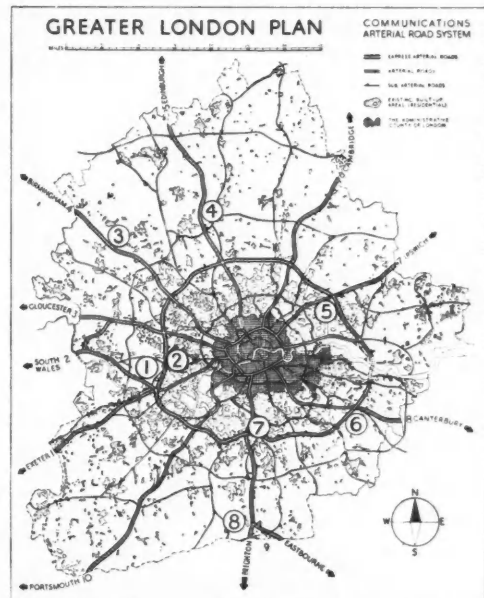
## (Right) ARTERIAL ROADS AND AIR-PORTS

The inter-war by-passes are written off as already inadequate, and 10 "express arterial highways" proposed, continuing outwards the main radials of the County of London plan into a system of national roads. Besides the two inner Ring Roads, an express Arterial Ring is drawn 12 miles from the centre coinciding with the inner edge of the Green Belt. Outside it a possible Parkway Ring is indicated

A ring of 10 air-ports is proposed, the inter-continental port at Heathrow (1). Others shown are Heston (2), Bovingdon (3), Hatfield (4), Fairlop (5), Lullington (6), Croydon (7), Gatwick (8)

(Below) THE SHOPPING CENTRE OF THE SAME NEIGHBOURHOOD IN CHIPPING ONGAR. Looking east, showing shops, cinema, and offices. The bus route is just off the picture to the left, and the open space is used by pedestrians only

The pen and wash drawings reproduced are by Peter Shephard and are exhibited by the Ministry of Town and Country Planning at Great George Street, Westminster





1.—WESTHALL HILL MANOR HOUSE

Overlooking the town from the north. In the seventeenth century the home of the Bartholomew family

#### OLD TOWNS RE-VISITED—XIV

## BURFORD, OXFORDSHIRE—III

### OLD INNS AND TRAFFICS

*The town, though largely rebuilt in the course of the sixteenth, seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, retains many of the entries leading to the courts of its early mediæval houses, some notable remains of which also survive.*

By CHRISTOPHER HUSSEY

THE best idea of the traffics of mediæval Burford is given in the letters patent of Edward II establishing the bridge tolls in 1322, if we bear in mind that the town was only on the edge of the wool-producing Cotswolds and

was itself a primarily agricultural community, endowed with a market and with nascent clothing and tanning industries. All kinds of livestock came to the market, and quantities of hides, both of horses and oxen, fresh and tanned, fleeces of sheep, and skins of goats,

deer, rabbits, hares, foxes, rats and squirrels. Some of these pelts recall the fact that, till the seventeenth century, the great royal forest of Wychwood, in which the burgesses were entitled to hunt on certain specified days, came close to the town on the north-east side. Of provisions, the market received stores of fresh and salt meat and bacon, fresh and salt Thames salmon, mullets, conger and freshwater eels, stock fish (salt cod), and a notable item, "fish of Aberdeen," i.e. red herrings. Various kinds of woven stuffs came, as samite, diaper, and baudekyn cloth, silk fabrics with and without embroidery, linen, and cloths of Galway and worsted. Wine and cider, oil, honey, cheese, butter, salt, peas and beans are mentioned; and among hardware, besides iron, lead, copper, and tin, such finished products as horseshoes, cast-iron wheel tires, large and small nails, and brazing materials.

This list, given in R. H. Gretton's *The Burford Records*, certainly implies a varied and prosperous community. The town population, about 500 in 1229, had risen to some 800 at the end of the fifteenth century, and of specific trades, besides the normal artisans and retailers, the most frequently mentioned are weavers, dyers, and drapers or mercers.

Sufficient, too, survives of their houses for us to reconstruct, more clearly than in most old towns, the architectural background of their trafficking. As in other early mediæval towns, the houses were predominantly sited at right angles to the main street, presenting their gable end to it and facing on to a narrow lane or court running back to a barn, store, workshop, or garden croft. Some of these lanes survive as thoroughfares, others in the form of the long, narrow yards of the premises that became inns, notably those of the George (Fig. 4) and Bull (Fig. 7). But the entrances to a number of others survive, incorporated into later buildings, such as that of the vanished Cob Hall, a wealthy tanner's 15th-century home, near the bridge. A more



2.—THE GEORGE, HIGH STREET

Where Charles I stayed in 1644. The inn was in existence before 1485





3.—THE BRICK GEORGIAN FACADE OF THE BULL, IN HIGH STREET, WITH MEDIAEVAL AND TUDOR HOUSES ADJOINING

perfect example is the late 14th-century archway in Fig. 6, adjoining the sumptuous 18th-century façade of what is now the Wesleyan Chapel.

The survival of these and similar entrances as the only remains of substantial mediaeval burgesses' houses is due to gradual reconstruction and changes of use. In the better mediaeval houses of Burford the ground storey only was of masonry, the upper walls being of timber framework (as in the farther houses in Fig. 3 and the range on the left of Fig. 4), the whole roofed with Stonesfield slates. As circumstances changed and population grew, the range of buildings along the courts running back from the street was often sub-divided, those at the farther end being rebuilt as separate holdings to which, however, these originally private entrances continued to be the only access. When the parent property on the street was rebuilt, in the sixteenth or seventeenth century, the original frontage was often extended by acquiring the adjoining frontage and the new house thus made to face the street, but with the old entrance arch still adjoining or embedded in it, and still giving access to the houses at the back. That in Fig. 6, for example, still leads to the houses called (it is not known why) the College.

The process of frontage extension can be illustrated by the George Inn (Fig. 2). In 1632, Robert Vaisey, the landlord, leased "the house lately added to and adjoined to the George at the north side thereof being in length to the street 23 feet and in depth

30 feet, containing six several chambers, a cellar, a parlour, a lodging chamber over the same, a cock loft over that, and two back rooms towards the kitchen." This building is evidently that adjoining the archway of the George to the right in Fig. 2.

The list of rooms given is typical of the accommodation of the average mediaeval town house. The cellar was in most cases only half below ground, and was used as a store-room with access from the pavement. In some cases, being contained in the stone



4.—THE GEORGE YARD

Typical of mediaeval town-planning by courts serving houses set at right angles to the main street



5.—THE BEAR. A MASSIVE LATE 15TH-CENTURY HOSTELRY

part of the building, the cellar might be a considerable work of masonry. Such is the fine 15th-century example (Fig. 10) beneath Mr. Aldridge's shop (the high timber framed house in Fig. 3); over the cellar would have been the parlour, stone walled, and possibly with a shop annexed beneath a penthouse projecting on to the pavement (see Fig. 3 for the development of this annexe into the typical shopfront). Over the parlour the lodging chamber, in this particular house, was originally lit by pairs of oak-traceried windows, as was the room over it. Originally, this timber house, no doubt, had a gable in place of the hipped roof put on later. Overlooking the market cross, it must have been a house of considerable importance. The "lodging chamber" contains a fine contemporary fireplace (Fig. 11).

An example of a mediæval house at the back of one abutting on the main street occurs behind the Bull Inn; what is now called Bull Cottage. Actually, this small

14th-century house also looks on to Witney Street. The ground-floor room is a remarkable survival of a mediæval town house interior (Fig. 9) with four arched recesses in the wall at right angles to the front (and continuing through the present back wall). Each arch has a stone shelf at the level of the spring and some have stone projections below it, perhaps to support another wooden shelf. At the back of the house a pair of similar arches at right angles contain doors (Fig. 8). The fireplace in the room is modern. There is an elaborate panelled overmantel in the parlour above, the flue of which, till 1870, was surmounted by a carved chimney top of steeple form. The origin of the house is not known. The arcaded room seems related to the vaulted cellar functionally, or may have been a "high class" shop of the period and the shelved arcade for the reception of goods.

When we come to the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, some of the men living in these and similar houses survive as

more than a name. Outstanding throughout Elizabeth's reign is Simon Wisdom, described as clothier and mercer, but not above dealing in fish and holding so much arable land that he sometimes called himself yeoman. In addition, he was at one time collector of the subsidy for the Hundred of Bampton, and for the last twenty-five years of his long life (he died in 1585) served almost continuously as Alderman of Burford. He also interested himself in real estate—a beautiful row of gabled cottages looking up High Street (unfortunately so smothered in virginia creeper that their construction cannot be seen) is due to him. As a young man, in 1530, he had been prosecuted for illegally possessing the Gospels in English, which suggests that he was a man of serious convictions. So it is not surprising that in 1571 he should have been chiefly responsible for the founding of Burford Grammar School on Church Green. The official Report accompanying the Act of Edward VI, by which gild properties were confiscated, had

stated that Burford "ys a very great market towne replenysshed with much people and needful to have a scole there." The burgesses seem, therefore, to have thought it prudent to devote such of the Corporation property as they had succeeded in salvaging from confiscation to founding such a school. Originally schoolrooms only, the building was very unsympathetically enlarged in the nineteenth century and is the only ugly one in the town. The school's most distinguished alumni are strangely assorted—Peter Heylin the Oxford Scholar, John Wilmot, Earl of Rochester who attended from Ditchley, Lord Liverpool and Sir William Beechey, R.A.

Contemporary with Simon Wisdom's later years was Edmund Silvester, who seems to have become the principal tanner in the town and founded the family that took over the Corporation Gild's chapel in the church. Edmund farmed the Ladyham property on the outskirts of the Town, where his eldest



6.—A 14TH-CENTURY ENTRANCE TO A COURT OFF HIGH STREET



7.—THE BULL YARD—DATING FROM THE MIDDLE AGES



8.—BULL COTTAGE: TWO 14TH-CENTURY DOORWAYS





9.—ARCADED WALL OF A 14TH-CENTURY SHOP  
Bull Cottage, Witney Street



10.—CELLAR, FIFTEENTH CENTURY, BELOW A HOUSE  
IN HIGH STREET

desendants resided. Younger Silvesters are sometimes described as "clothier," and evidently entered other trades. When Charles I was in Burford in 1644, the Silvester of the time made the biggest contribution to Royalist funds. The Bartholomews, another family prominent in later 17th-century Corporation records, lived in the charming manor house on Westhall Hill, overlooking Burford from the north (Fig. 1)—a long, gabled Jacobean range, the repair of which was due, some years ago, to the late Robert Holland Martin. Similarly, local territorial families sometimes entered into Burford affairs: some of the Fettiplace of Swinbrook are found in the list of bailiffs.

The Silvesters' tanneries perhaps carried on those that had been owned by the Symons family of Cob Hall at the foot of High Street. In the sixteenth century Burford became as noted for leatherware and particularly saddlery as Witney for blankets. As early as 1536 a suitor of Thomas Cromwell for a lease threw out, as an inducement, that the tenant "schall gyt you xx<sup>d</sup> li to by you a sadell." In 1663, the town presented three saddles to Charles II and the Duke of York, costing £21; another to the King in 1681 which Anthony Wood said was a finer present than Oxford had made; and a pair in 1695 to William III who ordered them to be reserved for his personal use. Macaulay mentions that at this time one inhabitant of Burford was said to be the best saddler in Europe. The industry was naturally fostered by Burford's increasing importance as a posting town for coaches and of course by the races which were held on the adjoining wolds and attracted a large concourse from about 1650 till after 1800.

These served also to make Burford's inns famous. Probably the oldest was one named Novum Hospitium Angulare (the "New Corner House"), later the Crown, which stood beside the Tolsey at the corner of Sheep and High Streets and is referred to in a lease of 1423. This has disappeared; but the massive masonry structure of the Bar (Fig. 5) in the lower part of High Street still stands, though no longer

used for its original purpose. The name is probably derived from the badge of Warwick the King Maker who was connected with Burford, and the building, with its little oriel overlooking High Street, may date from the 1460s. It is mentioned in a lease of 1502. Already the George (Fig. 2), opposite the Witney Street junction with High Street, and the Bull just above it, were flourishing. When, in 1485, William Brampton, a Burford mercer, was attainted as a supporter of Richard III, the George belonged to him, and its reputation is indicated by Henry VII (whose hunting lodge at Langley in Wychwood is not far out of Burford) granting it to one of his household, and Henry VIII to one of his grooms of the chamber. By 1552 it was recognised as the leading hostelry, and Charles I himself lay a night at the George in June, 1644, when moving through Burford with his troops for the second time during the Civil War. The building has scarcely changed since, and had evidently been renovated not long before. Its acute stone gables have Jacobean finials; the picturesque old yard is still paved with irregular stone slabs (Fig. 4), and has overhanging timber upper storeys going back another century or more.

If the silvery grey George stands for the Burford of the Civil War, the red brick with golden stone pillars of the High Street front

of the Bull opposite (Fig. 3) stands for coaching and racing Burford—though it was a landlord of the former, Thomas Castell, who, in 1761, instituted a Burford-London coach service. The refacing of the Bull, in brick, probably about 1740, may well have been intended to call attention to its "modernity," and as such it succeeded so long as coaches ran, though, once through the archway, its timbered framework and 16th-century gables are revealed (Fig. 7). It is at the end of this yard, near its gate on to Witney Street mentioned in the sixteenth century, that the 14th-century house stands. Warde Fowler describes how, in 1874, there was a shelf in the coffee room of the Bull containing scores of old leather-bound three-volume novels, evidently for beguiling travellers waiting for their coach. It was in the same room that the last Fettiplace, squire of Swinbrook, died of apoplexy after a day at Burford Races in Trafalgar year.

Burford itself died in the 1860s. The last of its ancient fairs was held in 1861; the weekly market, established in 1088, survived till the early '70s. By then the Priory was also empty and in ruins; and the restoration of the church had been begun, which so perturbed William Morris by its ruthlessness that he drafted the letter to the *Athenaeum* that led to the founding of the Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings. This apparently posthumous convulsion of Burford's corpse worked the miracle: its spirit stirred (or was it that breathed into it by the ardent prophet of the Cotswolds?) and slowly life returned to the quiet streets. Soon Mr. W. H. Hutton's *Burford Papers* (1905) brought the name into currency again; two young authors Mr. Compton Mackenzie and Mr. Christopher Stone bought a house on the outskirts, the former working the atmosphere of Burford into his novel *George and Pauline* (1915); the restoration of the Priory, already in hand, was completed, and by the interest thus renewed in old and new residents for a town now treasured as a living part of England's tradition, the resurrection of Burford may be said to have been accomplished.



11.—FIREPLACE, LATE FIFTEENTH CENTURY. In High Street

# THE WEATHERBOARD ARCHITECTURE OF ESSEX

By IVOR S. SMITH AND  
DEREK H. MATTHEWS

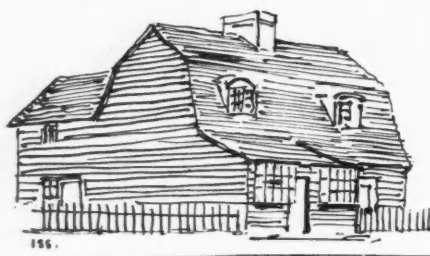
**T**HERE are still many parts of England that are remote even to-day from the towns and the hurrying people who busy themselves there. The Peninsula between the Rivers Blackwater and Crouch, although it is barely forty miles from the Metropolis, is just too inaccessible to be the home of the city worker. It remains almost unspoilt. The railway for the few miles before Southminster is single track, and a journey there recalls the days when travelling was an adventure, before speed, for its own sake, took control of man. Then with eyes to see, and ears to hear, and time to contemplate,\* he took pride in his heritage as he tilled the soil or plied his craft.

(\*) The "contemplative sense" is that sense which enjoys forms, colours and proportions, for their own sake apart from any uses attached to them; the sense, for example, that enjoys the rose apart from the fact that it may win a prize at a rose show.



(Above) NEAR BRADWELL  
Weatherboarded Georgian

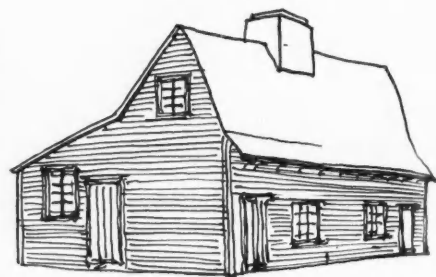
(Below) A SHOP IN TILLINGHAM



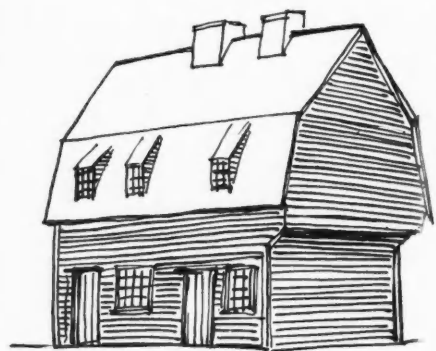
BRADWELL. THE WELCOMING STEPS OF THE KING'S HEAD

The architecture of the Peninsula is not the monumental conception of great architects. It is the picturesque work of humble village craftsmen. Picturesque, that is to say, in that it is "the unsophisticated assembling of local materials in forms to harmonise with the landscape." This, of itself, implies observance of traditional methods, folk lore and respect for climatic conditions. These houses are an expression of good craftsmanship in its widest sense, of "simply the well-doing of what needs doing." They are automatically and inevitably beautiful and are suited to man because they are achieved through an understanding of his basic needs.

In this architecture the timber frame is used, often weatherboarded but sometimes plastered, a simple, honest construction which respects the capabilities and character of the materials. The use of painted or tarred weatherboarding for domestic building was widely adopted in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries and formed the basis of a distinctive manner of construction in the Home Counties, particularly in this part of Essex. Thus it represents the last phase of framed timber construction characteristic of the Middle Ages. It is well suited to the moving clay soil, for it is light in weight, and, as it gives a little under strain, it will not crack like some materials. It is a warm, weathertight construction. The qualities inherent in the timbered surface are more human than is the case with many materials. The fact that these buildings are still extant after more than a century proves that the danger from fire is negligible, particularly in



(Above and below) FRAMED AND  
WEATHERBOARDED COTTAGES  
IN TILLINGHAM



TILLINGHAM. THE COTTAGES ARE GROUPED NATURALLY AROUND THE GREEN





THE POPLARS—FARM-HOUSE NEAR STEEPLE

these days of improved fire-fighting and fire-proofing equipment.

It should be noted that this method of construction is the simplest for timber. The minimum processes for preparing the materials are needed. The resulting texture is inherent in it, and in its manner of use, because it is a natural method, *i.e.* directly connected with Nature. Thus it is distinct from present-day factory-processed materials.

Good examples of timber building are found far from the Peninsula, but they are now swamped by the recent work of the speculative builder. South of the River Crouch at Rochford and Rayleigh similar buildings are found, although at Rayleigh they are only visible above the hideous shop-fronts which mask them. It is a curse that such a heritage should be destroyed by the excrescences of modern commercialism.

It is near Danbury that the characteristics of this fine architecture become generally manifest. Through the hamlets of Ransell Green and Radley Green one passes many examples. At Steeple the cottages do not line the road rigidly but form compositions of pleasing masses where light and shade attract the eye.

Then there are such charming groups as The Poplars, farm buildings which are not ashamed of their use, but seem to rejoice in it. The trees on either side of the Bradwell road form a splendid avenue to Motts farm. A double roof and simple well-placed windows make this farm-house worthy of so pleasant a site. Behind the house once stood fine 18th-century buildings of brick. These are now gutted by fire, but it is hoped that they are soon to be restored. Yet even in its ravaged state there is much splendour in the simple elevation of warm brickwork, contrasting with the black weatherboarding of the noble barn behind. It was not the cold formula of self-conscious functionalism that fashioned the doorway arch, but the eyes of men sensitive to practical needs, offset by subtle proportion, simplicity in silhouette, refinement in modelling and detail, and an exciting interplay of light and shade.

At Bradwell the door of the King's Head emphasises its invitation by means of the steps, and simple wrought-iron railings give it character. From here the main road leads to the old Roman fort Orthona. When this was known as Ythancestre, Bishop Cedd built his first church which is still standing, and is known to us as St. Peter's-on-the-Wall.

The road from the King's Head to Tillingham bends sharply before it enters the village. The trees beside the road thus obscure the oncoming green. It is, therefore, with an element of surprise that the church on the left and the rows of weatherboarded houses appear, surrounding the square on three sides. Who, on seeing this, could not stop to wonder whether we have something to learn from this "the farm of the people of Tilla"? This unrigid arrangement has friendly orderliness, in contrast to the ostentatious vulgarity of the average present-day "housing-estate."

Tillingham is a key to modern problems of civic design and landscape planning, now a lost art in England. The cottages do not look as if they have been planted on a drawing-board

with set-squares like many modern village layouts; nor are they artificially irregular. They are grouped naturally around the green, forming a fine asymmetrical composition dominated by the church. A few cottages are detached from the others, and some are in terraces, which give the street unity, a civic quality. Terrace houses are warmer than houses exposed on more than two sides, and modern construction can make the party walls soundproof. In many cases there are no front gardens, an advantage in the design of towns and villages. Houses fronting directly on to a street or green are more intimately in contact with one another and with the group as a whole than are houses detached from their surroundings. This theory is in direct contradiction to modern town-planning practice; but the urbanity of our older-established towns relies on this fact. The texture of the horizontal weatherboarding, relieved in a few cases with brick, is very natural and pleasing. It has weathered well.

The treatment of this village is successful. No architect had to impose an artificial style from without; the village builders did it spontaneously, using their native intelligence. To-day it seems that some study is necessary if we are to achieve such greatness again. The place to study architecture is the street, not

in the technical publications. We have in this country an already existing framework of towns and villages. We can go on from here, having regard for their human scale and qualities, or we can ignore them entirely in the belief that we are creating a new standard of judgment on design, without realising that design is inevitably evolutionary.

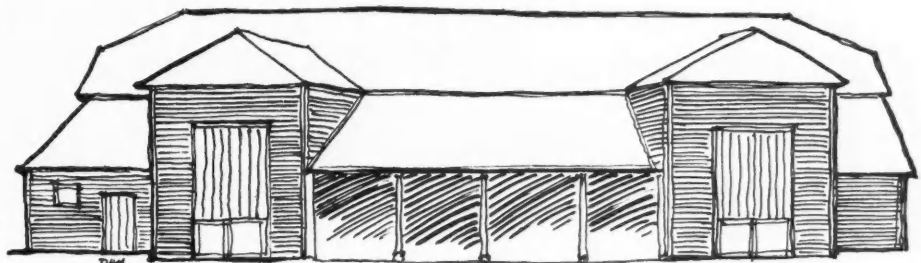
We must not be mistaken in thinking that the Peninsula contains mere museum pieces. Like the people who live and work there, these buildings are real and organic. They were built at a time when true pride in work was considered to be the finest reward; when man fulfilled his function as an artist (for, as it has been well said, "an artist is not a special kind of man, but every man is a special kind of artist"), a collaborator with God in creating; when man's work was not merely his means of providing material sustenance, but was his life, his prayer; when man, more honest with himself, approached an integrated personality within the community.

Technical processes and changed economic conditions are progressively eliminating that joy in work which is always experienced by the craftsman. This state of affairs is no incentive to creative work, for work is becoming drudgery for more and more people, a thing to escape from in the pursuit of pleasure. This is inevitable when goods are made for profit and not for use.

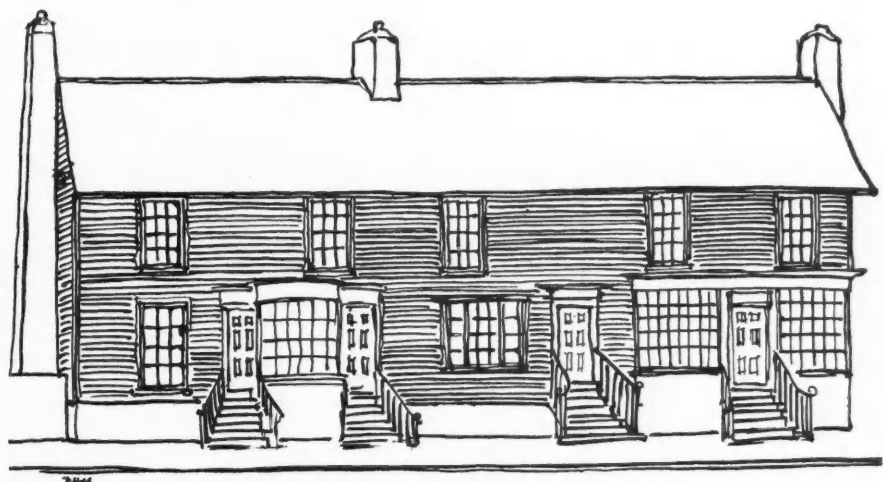
Such is the challenge of this simple architecture.

In addition the fine qualities of our varied types of regional architecture are being lost. Standardised materials are, in many places, ousting the well-trying local materials which have been used for centuries. For in the present, though possibly temporary, system of economy it is cheaper to transport inferior materials than train men to utilise local ones.

Future planning and thought must be considered with reference to some definite doctrine of the nature of man and the purpose of society. As we learn from the past we must humbly acknowledge our present failings. These timber buildings thus stand as a warning to us. So many products of our age compare unfavourably with them. Our task is not to copy the past, but to learn from it, and to evolve new forms as beautiful as the old.



MOTTS FARM, STEEPLE. A NOBLE BARN OF BLACK WEATHERBOARDING



HOUSES ON THE GREEN AT TILLINGHAM

# 66, 68, 68, 67

## A Golf Commentary by BERNARD DARWIN

TO the writer on golf it is quite a new sensation to have some real, live golf to write about. To me who have managed to keep it going on this page during the war years, dragging my mental depths for memories every week, it is a sensation so strange as to be positively alarming. This week, however, is one that comes between tournaments, and I take this opportunity of looking across the Atlantic to where Byron Nelson has been doing wonderful things in a tournament called the All-America Open—they have a taste for these grandiloquent titles in the U.S.A.—at the Tam o' Shanter Club, near Chicago.

Nelson won, as we have all read, with a total of 269, an astonishing score made up with an astonishing brilliancy of consistency—66, 68, 68, 67. I have no knowledge of the course, but American clubs that promote big tournaments are not at all in the habit of having their courses too easy or with too few "traps." Moreover we have been given the clue that Nelson's score was some ridiculous number of strokes, nineteen I think, under par. Par is rigidly calculated in America by the precise number of yards at each hole and no doubt, given the ground dry and fast, there are holes at which "Old Man Par" takes three shots to get up and such a player as Nelson takes only two; but still nineteen under—that cannot be explained away by any depreciatory special pleading. And if anyone wanted to depreciate this achievement, which I certainly do not, there is one hard fact that he could not get away from: Nelson was eleven strokes ahead of his nearest pursuers, our old friend Gene Sarazen and Ben Hogan who at the beginning of the war years was winning the lion's share of the money in the big tournaments. Anybody who in a field of the best players can beat the second man by such a margin must have played extraordinary golf. That, as Sam Weller's friend the housemaid said to the dog's-meat man, is a self-evident proposition.

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The margin of victory is pretty sound evidence as to the winner's quality. In looking back over the Open Championships that I have myself seen I think of Braid's lead over Tom Ball at Prestwick in 1908, Taylor's over Ray at Hoylake in 1913, Bobby Jones's over Robson and Boomer at St. Andrews in 1927 and Cotton's over Brews at Sandwich in 1934. All four had comparatively big leads and they played perhaps the best golf I have ever seen in a championship, certainly as good as any. Taylor's lead was the longest, and considering the weather at Hoylake in that year I incline to give him first place in all the Championships I have watched. But none of those four set such a gap between winner and runner-up as Nelson has done. What is the biggest gap on record I do not know, but the writing of Bobby's name rang some bell in my memory and I took down his book *Down the Fairway* from the shelf. Yes, here it was. In 1919, when he was seventeen or so, he played in the Canadian Open Championship. He finished second in a tie with Jim Barnes and a player called Keffier, but the winner, Douglas Edgar, was sixteen strokes ahead of them with a total of 278. That surely must be a record win in an Open Championship.

J. H. Taylor's maxim that the only way to win a championship is to win it easily has often been quoted, and I doubt if any man, even Vardon himself in his most all-conquering period, lived up to it so well. At Sandwich, twice at St. Andrews, at Hoylake and at Deal—not once, as far as I remember, was he ever desperately pressed. In the year 1913 at Hoylake he had to hole a thoroughly nasty putt to qualify, but in the real thing there was only one man in it. His is a maxim rather like that of Mr. Gilbert Mitchell Innes that the way to beat a professional is never to let him get a hole up; that is to say it is easier to enunciate than to follow, but to say this is not to derogate from it. A good long lead before the fourth round begins must be a great comfort. The knowledge that the dropping of a stroke or two

is not fatal is surely a great help to not dropping them. I remember that when Bobby went out for his last round at St. Andrews in 1927 he began rather poorly with two fives in the first four holes. If he had led by fifty shots Bobby would have been a severe critic of himself, but, granting that, his lead of six must have been a solace to his tortured soul and softened the horror of actually taking two fives. At any rate he soon put the fives to rights with a preposterous number of threes round the loop. When he left the big double green at the fifth his score was three over fours, and when he got back to it again at the fourteenth it was two under. I do not know by how many Nelson led with one round to play but I am sure it must have made that final 67 comparatively easy of accomplishment.

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This astounding score of his (I have nobly refrained from alluding to the "Nelson touch") naturally sends us to statistics of other such indecent achievements. I don't know that they mean very much unless we know the courses, as we seldom do, but there is a certain irresistible fascination in the colossal or, as perhaps we ought rather to say of golf scores, the infinitesimal. I read that the world's record "for four rounds in a first-class competition" is Percy Alliss's 262 (67, 66, 66, 63) in the Italian Open Championship at San Remo; it was a surprising effort, but I doubt whether San Remo was a first-class course. Then there is James Ferrier's 266 in the New South Wales Championship at Sydney, the symmetry of rounds in the sixties being slightly marred by one 70. Incidentally he beat the second man by sixteen shots, as did Edgar in the Canadian Championship I mentioned. Another Canadian Championship was won by Lawson Little with 271 and he never once relapsed into the seventies.

In this instance we, or at any rate I, have no knowledge of the course where the deed was done, but here is a feat on a course many people

know, Gleneagles. Alliss won the Scottish Open Championship there with 273, including a 68. Gleneagles has undergone the strangest metamorphosis since I first played there. Then it was very long and very fierce, and I remember that in a professional tournament both Taylor and Sandy Herd declared that it was altogether too big for them. Then much hardening through the human foot shortened it amazingly, and now all the good players do very low scores there; but still 273 and 66—that is prodigious.

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This win of Byron Nelson's is only one of many. He has been the outstanding American player of this year and has been winning most of the money, £2,500, I believe, on this last occasion. He was here in 1937 with the Ryder Cup team and struck everyone as a very neat, stylish, controlled player, though he was not so mightily impressive as Sam Snead. He was very good then and was fifth in the Open Championship at Carnoustie which Cotton won. Doubtless he is even better now, for he is still only thirty-three, perhaps as good an age for a professional to be in his prime as can be imagined. I connect him in my mind with the top foursome in the Ryder Cup match at Southport. Our first couple consisted of Cotton and Padgham. There were some doubts about the policy of putting two such tremendous eggs in one basket, but no doubt at all—patriotism forbade it—that they would beat their opponents, Ed. Dudley and Byron Nelson. They did not, however. Padgham was suffering that year from the reaction after his wonderful year before, including the Open Championship, and he did not play very well. The American pair were very steady; they looked dangerous from the start and won in the end almost comfortably by 4 and 2. In the singles Nelson lost to Rees by 2 and 1 and that is a victory on which Rees must now look back with enhanced satisfaction. I believe it is our turn to go to the United States in the Ryder Cup, but I have heard a suggestion that the Americans should come here instead. If that be so we shall see Nelson fairly soon and he will be a formidable attraction.

## THE ST. LEGER AND THE SALES

A PART from the St. Leger, to which I will refer later, the most interesting race at the York meeting will be the Gimcrack Stakes, which has attracted an entry of twenty-five two-year-olds, among which are the unbeaten youngsters Rivaz, Khaled and Levantina, who belong to the Aga Khan; Lord Derby's Neapolitan and Gulf Stream; the Maharaja Gaekwar of Baroda's The Yuveraj and Maharaj Kumar; Mrs. Benson's Good Companion; Lord Irwin's Banco and Baron Edouard de Rothschild's Fine Lad.

Naturally not all will run, but those that do will stage a contest that can be looked upon as the first real, open trial of next season's classic contenders.

Actually this six furlongs event cannot be regarded as a reliable guide to the classic races, as, since the beginning of the century, the only winners of it that have gone on to classic honours as three-year-olds have been Polemarch, Sansovino and Bahram. For all that it has a fascination and it will be an intriguing sight to see, say, The Yuveraj (reckoned "up North" to be another Dante), Gulf Stream and Khaled—generally regarded as next year's Derby hopes in Newmarket—and Lord Irwin's Banco, which is trained at Arundel, in opposition.

The St. Leger has, practically speaking, dried up to nothing, and, if Dante keeps well, it seems most unlikely that anything will be found ready to extend him. A good horse, he was fortunate in being born in a very ordinary year and so stands out from what admittedly is a very poor collection of three-year-olds.

Main interest is that he will in all probability form the first leg of an unusual double for Sir Eric Ohlsen, the second



W. A. Rouch

DANTE AS A YEARLING IN 1943



of which will be the obtaining of a record price for Dante's yearling own-brother, which will be offered for sale without reserve at the September auction at Newmarket, during the following week. At the moment the highest price ever paid for a yearling at public auction is the 15,000gs. that Miss Paget disbursed for one—afterwards known as Colonel Payne—at the Doncaster Sales of 1936.

Then the market was comparatively quiet and the colt, which was a half-brother to Orwell, which had won the Two Thousand Guineas four years previously, was nothing very much to arouse enthusiasm.

Now there is a boom which at times is almost hectic; not only is the colt an own-brother to the Derby winner, which, by the time the Sales arrive, will in all probability have won the St. Leger, but, furthermore, he is in every way better looking than his elder relation was at a like age. When Dante went through the ring as a youngster without, incidentally, reaching his reserve, he could be faulted on his front, his shoulders and behind the saddle. This colt has none of these deficiencies; he is very hard to fault and what he will make at the sale is merely a matter of conjecture.

Certain as he is to be the top-price of the sale and so complete Sir Eric Ohlson's double, there are others who will help to make the action one to be remembered. The Swynford Fiddocks stud, which is owned by Lady Derby and Lady Irwin, list an own-brother to The Yaveraj, which will make more than double the 5,000gs. that the Maharaja Gaekwar of Baroda paid for this colt twelve months ago and, to my mind, have an even better one in a chestnut colt by Hyperion, which is from an own-sister in blood to Precipitation. A rather washy chestnut this with an almost flaxen mane and tail, he improves in looks on acquaintance and has a delightfully easy action eminently suitable to the Epsom gradients.

Another of the high-priced lots will be a really grand brown colt by the Derby and Gold Cup winner, Owen Tudor from Castle Gay, a Buchan mare which has also bred the St. Leger winner Sun Castle, to which this colt is a three-parts brother. One of the first of his sire's get

and emanating from the Beningsbrough Stud, he is a grand advertisement for him, as are a chestnut filly from Gold Apple, a Winalot mare of the Miss Matty line which figures among the Worksop Manor contingent and a bay filly from Marramatte (by Scottish Union's half-brother Corrado) which is one of five youngsters catalogued by the Sledmere Stud. Last September five yearlings from this famous Yorkshire nursery made 24,900gs., or an average of 4,980gs.

This year both the total and the average will be increased, as, besides the Owen Tudor filly, which is worth going a long way to see, a brown filly by Nearco from that sterling mare Barrowby Gem, she by Hurstwood, is included, as also is a bay colt by Umidwar from Queen Christina, a Buchan mare which has also bred Orthodox, Eleanor Cross, Maintenon and Christie. Nearco's get are seldom found in sale catalogues, but when they are they make big prices. Last year they averaged 3,840gs., but this year they will make a great deal more if those not yet looked over are anything like Dante's brother, the Sledmere filly and a really charming filly from the Son-in-Law mare Beautiful Girl, which is another of the Beningsbrough Stud properties.

Blue Peter youngsters are not as plentiful as usual, but what is lacking in quantity is made up for in quality, as from among those looked over, Lady Yule is sending up a January-foaled, bay filly which comes from Rosegain, she by the triple-crown winner, Gainsborough, out of the Oaks winner Rose of England, a Teddy mare which has also bred the St. Leger winner Chulmleigh, while from Captain Farr's



R. Anscomb

**YEARLING COLT BY NEARCO—ROSY LEGEND AND AN OWN-BROTHER TO DANTE; TO BE SOLD AT THE NEWMARKET SEPTEMBER SALES**

establishment at Worksop Manor (where Omar Khayyam, Papyrus, Flamingo, Horus and Bold Archer were born) there is an April-foaled bay from Maid of Kent, she by the Ascot Gold Cup winner Bosworth.

A fine couple which are very hard to fault, they will most certainly get the big buyers busy, as will the Big Game filly and the Watling Street filly, which emanate from the newly formed Whitsbury Manor Stud, and the Taj ud Din colt from Salopette, which is listed by Miss Fraser, of the Tickford Park establishment.

Admittedly this is but a cursory review of a catalogue which would take a book to cover in detail and which, quite probably, will go down to history as a world's record bloodstock auction. Nothing that I have not actually seen has been mentioned. ROYSTON.

## THE ELUSIVE WOODCOCK

**F**ACED with an inevitable decline in stocks of partridges and pheasants, we should be thankful if our "small holdings" provide us with worthy substitutes. Not all of them will, of course, but on such as are adaptable, what more could one wish for than snipe and woodcock?

In many characteristics they are akin, though the 'cock are in a sense far more elusive creatures than the snipe. Through a close study of our home-bred birds, we have gained a greater insight into the 'cock's domestic life than our forbears ever did, but we still have a lot to learn.

We know that 'cock, once they have established themselves in a locality, will return year after year to familiar haunts, and that some sixth sense guides the Autumn migrants to the self-same coverts that they vacated in the Spring. We know, too, that they have a definite preference for certain types of wood; yet it is a mystery why other coverts in the same neighbourhood, seemingly identical in point of undercover, glades and timber, never hold a bird.

It is a mystery why a covert will be bereft of 'cock in a night for no apparent reason. Often we can trace their movements to the weather. Oftener we cannot, and we seek in vain for substantial grounds on which to found a law. We draw blank snug coverts of whin and rhododendron, and then wander over a barren hillside and account for two or three couple in a few minutes. Here is an inconsistency puzzling enough in so comfort-loving a creature.

Yet may it not be that, beyond all else, a heavy night-feeder craves peaceful sleep by day, and so the most attractive covert, if subject to disturbance, is deserted at short notice for a less alluring but more solitary resting-place.

This explains to a great extent why woodcock and pheasants do not readily cohabit. There is no natural antipathy, but the very fact of a keeper's continual perambulation of his woods distracts a bird whose primary characteristic is its desire for solitude.

So with woodcock, as with snipe, the novice need not aspire to good hunting unless he has a very good idea of whereabouts to hunt.

I am sure that we miss seeing a lot of woodcock because we do not take sufficient account of the influence weather changes have upon their movements. Very often one finds that the psychological moment for a decent bag is just as a keen frost turns to a thaw, rather than during the frost itself. When the inland feeding-grounds are frozen up the birds naturally make for any open waters; at unsealed springs, for instance, they will find the sustenance they seek. But the moment the frost breaks they will return to their favourite haunts, and this, to my mind, explains the bewilderment we very often experience, when in a nice hard frost we draw a covert blank.

I am sure, too, that wind has a greater effect on flights than is generally realised. 'Cock movement, especially if wind is accompanied by rain, depends very much on the aspect of your coverts. If they are so situated as to get the full force of a cold prevailing wind, causing a regular hail of drip, no matter how (theoretically) admirable the undercover, you will be lucky if you find a solitary 'cock. But you will find them then among the whins and bracken and heather on the sheltered sides of hills. I have very often noticed, on a bright frosty morning, they will resort to any patch of cultivation. Probably the reason is that land covered by crops remains soft long after open

feeding-grounds are more or less sealed up, and so the 'cock, unable to treat himself to his nightly gorge in his accustomed spot, remains where he can pick a bit late into the day.

The woodcock, although habitually a night-feeder, must adapt himself to circumstances. There are times when, if he would feed at all, he must feed by day, as, for example, during hard frost, when the sunshine temporarily thaws a few odd spots. And these are the spots to look for. The man who goes for the edges of dykes, open springs and any patch of ground, however small, whose surface the sun has softened in hard weather, will probably get more 'cock to his own gun than a party which religiously beats the coverts inside out.

I have often maintained that the 'cock is a remarkably fast-flying bird. I believe that his pace is nearly always more deceptive than that of almost any other bird. The morning after the night before, when late back from his feeding-ground, he may be a trifle slow off the mark when suddenly and literally kicked up. But when the 'cock likes to show his speed it is quite a different story, which we do not read aright because, like the snipe, he is never flying in the same plane for five seconds at a time.

It is neither the pace of the 'cock nor, I verily believe, his dipping, rolling flight that beats the average shooter, so much as his in consequence. Except in comparatively few places, where the birds are as strictly preserved as pheasants, and never disturbed save on five or six days throughout an entire season, the woodcock is something of a *rara avis*. At the average covert shoot, for instance, the killing of half a dozen 'cock is the exception rather than the rule. Therefore it is little wonder that

the "halloo-ing forward" of a solitary bird never fails to electrify the most phlegmatic sportsman, for nothing is certain about the bird except that he will break covert where least expected. He may come forward. He may go back. He may not even show himself at all. And when he does he will give a split-second impression of a ghost-like presence dipping below the tree-tops.

It is sometimes said that his erratic flight is purposeful, in order to put branches between himself and danger. But this endows the 'cock with supernatural ability. Deep-seated as are his eyes, they are not in the back of his head. The flight is only natural to a bird whose sight is adapted rather to shadow than to daylight. He will not face the open till he must, and so he dips and rolls among the trees, diving from light to shade, from shade to deeper shadow.

Thus does the 'cock acquire his reputation as the most dangerous of all our native game. True, he rises silently; he flies, by nature, low;

one second he is above the tree-tops, in the next he is head high along the beating line, tempting the untaught and unteachable to "risk it." Because of the curious psychological effect that the sudden rising of a 'cock in covert has on certain temperaments, there may be some foundation for the old story of the keeper who, on being asked to what he attributed his advanced age and good health, replied that both were due to his invariable habit of lying flat on his stomach whenever he heard "'cock forward." But although I have met many men out 'cock shooting who have filled me momentarily with terror, where ordinary precautions are observed it is no more dangerous than any other.

How to shoot 'cock is just as abstruse a question as that of how to shoot snipe, and it cannot be answered in quite the same way. There is a similarity in the flight of both birds, as in the sudden unexpectedness with which they rise, and in their tendency, by keeping low, to provide the shooter with a puzzling

background. But at least you get the snipe in the open, whereas more often than not the woodcock is in covert. So you have very seldom the opportunity for that imperceptible pause before pulling, which so often does the trick with snipe, for if you do not snap the 'cock just when you see him first, you may not get a second chance.

Much depends upon immediate environment, and the only generalisation that one can make is that you should take a woodcock when and where you can, and not expect him to afford you an easier shot if you delay. Always recollect that he will not rise any higher than he must, and that usually his height is not very much above a beater's head. So if a dozen woodcock break and fly the length of a line of guns as the beating line is approaching the covert's edge, whatever your neighbours may do or may not do, put your gun under your arm and let them go. The 'cock is the *bonne bouche*, but he is not worth the risk of a fellow-creature's life. J. B. DROUGHT.

## CORRESPONDENCE

### CRAFTSMANSHIP AND DESIGN

SIR,—I am delighted that you have followed up my article on silversmiths' work with an excellent one by Mr. Symonds on furniture. The distinction he so clearly draws between joiner's work and that of the cabinet-maker endorses what I wrote about the need for the designer to understand process and material. I wish it could be realised that a design is not really completed until it is actually embodied in material.

Most contemporary teaching on art and industry overlooks these vital points. The drawing office is regarded as all-important. When a blue print is made problems of design are considered as solved.

Craftsmanship is persistently depreciated. The "Arts and Crafts" prejudice against the use of mechanical appliances and methods has gone, fortunately. Unfortunately this has been followed by an unreasoned belief that machines can do everything and that there is no need for the designer to understand how they work and how the material behaves under them.

The analogy between the engineer and the designer of works depending on their appearance is cited. The fact that the engineer has wide and deep knowledge of how everything works and knows to a fraction how big any part has to be to stand strains and stresses is forgotten. Vague ideas of machinery prevail. It is not often realised that before many things can be made by mechanical means, the tools the machine operates have to be made by skilled craftsmen.

The silver trade has been so exploited and degraded that it is surprising to find any signs of life.

There was a time when vast quantities of articles were made of silver as thin as paper, 1/200 of an inch, and so flimsy that they had to be backed by some bituminous substance before they could be handled safely. I remember once having a pepper caster to mend that was so light that I could blow it over with my mouth. The lowered prestige this caused has never been regained, though there has been some improvement. Prices paid for making were incredibly low. The Is. paid for making up a cigarette case from stampings was not the worst example. To earn a living men had to employ their own boy labour at very low wages. These youngsters learned how to do one small part very quickly. When these small piece masters competed with one another prices were cut down to an extreme limit.

For many years past there has been nothing like apprenticeship. Other industries offering higher wages and better prospects attracted the abler boys. The writer knows from



A SMART TURN-OUT

See letter: Donkeys

his experience as teacher in the Birmingham Art Schools from 1908 to 1942 that the recruits to the silver trades have been of poor quality. When it has been suggested that little can be done to improve the standard of silver work until the status of the worker is raised the response has been negligible. A significant fact is that in the writer's long connection with the Art Schools, from 1896 until his retirement, no principal of a firm, or indeed anyone in a position to direct, has thought it worth while to acquire anything like a thorough art education. —BERNARD CUZNER, 92, Carless Avenue, Harborne, Birmingham 17.

### COYPU IN A LIVERPOOL PARK

SIR,—Your correspondent Mr. Gerald Beadle described on August 10, a strange beast which you suggest may have been a coypu. It may interest you to hear that a coypu has been at large, until recently, in Sefton Park, Liverpool.

Mention of Sefton Park moves me to refer to your correspondent Marjorie Reed's letter, in the same issue, about friendship with a swan. There is a lake in Sefton Park where a male swan makes his home. (He has recently acquired a wife and child.) For a long period last Winter, the lake was frozen hard, and food for the swan must have been very hard to come by. The bird's larder was, however, regularly replenished by a naval officer, Commodore I. A. P. Macintyre, who, whenever he could, took an hour's exercise daily in the park on his push-bike, and always brought with him a handful of stale bread and crusts. On approaching the

lake he rang his bell, and regularly the swan came skidding and floundering along to receive his ration.

When warmer weather came, these gifts of food became unnecessary and the swan found his own. But a friendship had sprung up, and every day that the Commodore came, he rang his bell, and without fail the swan would turn and look and recognise, would make a stately progress across the lake, heave himself mightily out of the water and waddle heavily to where his friend was waiting at the railings. There he would flap his wings in royal welcome, and without more ado return to his lake.

I cannot but believe that this was a genuine case of recognition and gratitude; but whether the recognition was visual, by the tone of a bicycle bell, or by other means, I cannot say. Several other people (I myself included) have tried it, bicycle bell and all, but to none of us has the swan paid the slightest attention.

I hope somebody else will look after the swans next Winter. Commodore Macintyre, and indeed most of us, have left the port for other duties, and the bird will miss his friend.—E. H. CHAVASSE (Commander R.N.), Beechwood, Lampeter, Cardiganshire.

### VANISHING WINDMILLS

From Lady Thursby.

SIR,—I can add to your correspondent's letter (August 3) on Vanishing Windmills by giving some facts about the windmill at Slawston, Leicestershire.

It was painted, and restored by my sister, the late Mrs. C. W. B. Carnie, and left to Slawston, in her will. Some years ago I had a letter

from our old stud groom's wife, who lives in the next village, Hallaton, and she told me there had been a terrible thunderstorm, and that Slawston Windmill had been struck by lightning and burnt to the ground.

I am wondering if this also happened to the Woodhouse Eaves Mill mentioned by Mr. J. F. Lumbers in his letter of August 3.—MARY A. THURSBY, Fountain Court, Brook, Lyndhurst, Hampshire.

### DONKEYS

SIR,—I was interested in the reference to the continued use of pack-donkeys in the article *Cow Clubs of Wensleydale*. There has been a marked tendency for donkeys to disappear from our countryside in the last 25 years. Of the various reasons the chief is perhaps the increase of motor traffic, which has driven costers' donkeys off the roads. (It is significant that there has been a kind of donkey come-back during the war.) Also, a higher standard of living has some influence: donkeys seem to survive most in poor localities. I have within the last ten years seen pack-donkeys used in the Gower Peninsula for the transport of coal, and in South Devon (not a poor area) for the carriage of seaweed up cliff-paths so steep and narrow that no other method was feasible. My snapshot of a partially clipped donkey (an unusual sight) with blacked and polished hoofs was taken in one of the poorest of Southern English counties—Cornwall—shortly before the outbreak of war. Regrets are vain, but some sentimentalists among us will be sorry to see working donkeys go the way of draught oxen.—MORE, Oxford.

### THE SYCAMORE OR SYCAMINE

SIR,—In his interesting article *The Mulberry Tree* in your issue of August 3, Alexander L. Howard mentions that Biblical references to the sycamore or sycamine tree are generally considered to mean either the fig-tree or the mulberry. In Palestine I noticed very few *Morus nigra*, the acid fruiting mulberry of our English gardens; the two kinds most commonly grown being *Morus alba* and *M. Italica* (see Post's *Flora of Palestine and Syria*). The former has white insipid fruit; the fruit of the latter is black, sweet and somewhat insipid. *M. nigra* is rather slow-growing, while *M. alba* and *M. Italica* are two of the fastest growing trees in the Middle East, making growth 6 feet and sometimes up to 10 feet long in a year. In Syria I saw a few *M. nigra* and many of the other two kinds, *M. alba* being pollarded in many places where it is grown for silkworms. *M. alba* is a native of China; *M. nigra* comes from Persia according to Post.

The sycamore, which Zachaeus



climbed, mentioned in Luke xix 4, was probably the large fig-tree *Ficus sycomorus* which was probably introduced from Egypt in very early times to the warmer parts of Palestine. It grows to about 30-40 feet high and is sometimes as much as 60 feet across with branches very close to the ground making it very easy to climb. There are large spreading trees in the centre of some of the villages, and the edible figs grow on tortuous leafless twigs on the trunk and older branches. Nets are often hung under the main branches to catch the ripe fruit.—F. H. NORRIS, *Fordingbridge, Hampshire.*

### EDWARD CAPERN

SIR,—Known as the Postman Poet, Edward Capern was born at Tiverton on January 21, 1819, and died June 4, 1894. His grave is at Heanton Linchardon, North Devon.

For a number of years he was rural letter carrier from Bideford to Buckland Brewer, covering 17 miles each day, Sunday included, on his duty. His wage was 10s. 6d.

Most of his poems were written on his postal rounds.

One of his poems was reprinted in loose sheets and sent out to the troops in the Crimea. These are four lines: The lion-flag of England! Say Britons, shall it wave, The scorn of every base-born serf, And jest of every slave?

Charles Kingsley used to hold a



### THE POSTMAN POET'S TOMBSTONE

See letter: Edward Capern

not unnaturally attempt to play itself into an unsailable position by "take your time" methods. Under the rule proposed, this would not be possible, and full points could therefore be awarded for first innings victories. Drawn games would thus be reduced to a minimum.—W. A. POWELL (Capt.), *Bournemouth, Hampshire.*



### FROM DUNFERMLINE PALACE

See letter: A Unique Photograph?

drawing class in Capern's house, at Bideford, and the postman-poet was one of his pupils.

His bell is on the top of his tombstone.—J. DENTON ROBINSON, *Darlington, Durham.*

### FASTER CRICKET

SIR,—In view of the safety tactics prevalent in first-class cricket to-day and of the fact that, between 1934 and 1937, the county clubs lost nearly £28,000, should not the game be made brighter and more decisive?

In order to achieve this object and enable the county clubs to compete with rival attractions, may I suggest that the wicket be reduced in height and width, and the following rule be tried:—

An extra shall be added to the total for every ball scored off (including wides, byes, etc.) and an extra deducted for every ball not scored off.

This suggestion is not so strange as it might sound. In order to avoid being penalised, the batsman would have to score a minimum of three singles off any one over. The "extras" could be quickly calculated from the bowling analysis after each over. They would be entered, not after each delivery, but upon the completion of each over. The analysis of five imaginary overs is appended:—

|     |     |     |    |     |
|-----|-----|-----|----|-----|
| * 1 | 1 1 | * 2 | ** | 4 1 |
| 2 * | **  | 1 * | ** | 1 2 |
| 1 2 | 1 * | **  | ** | 1 1 |

Extras + 2 Nil. — 2 — 6 + 6

If, under present rules, full points were awarded for first innings victories, the side winning the toss would

Palace where Charles I was born, and depicts the Annunciation. The arms in the centre are those of Bishop George Durie.

Only one wall of the palace remains, and when the picture was taken the floor of the window was some 20 feet from ground level, access being obtained by means of a rickety ladder. Excavation of a lower storey of the building, subsequently made, would now necessitate the use of a much longer ladder, so I think I may safely claim this as the only photograph taken, or likely to be taken, of this interesting subject, which is barely visible from below.

—R. K. HOLMES, *Tod's Field, Dollar, Clackmannanshire.*

### A CORNISH BRASS

SIR,—I send you a rubbing of a curious brass at Colan, near St. Columb Minor (Cornwall), in memory of Sir John Cosowarth (ob. 1575) and his wife, Dorothy, daughter of Sir William Lock, alderman, of London.

This brass, which is now on the south wall of the chancel of the parish church, is unique in that it is the only one in the British Isles, as far as I know, which records the cause of death. This has been done in a very peculiar way.

The lady was murdered during the Irish Rebellion by a shot in the chest from a blunderbuss. To commemorate this, a bullet was fired through her effigy, before it was let into the stone. The hole made by the bullet can be seen in the rubbing as a white circle in one of the hands.

Round the effigies is a border inscription in black letter which reads: Here lyethe buried the bodye / of John Cosowarthe of Cosowarthe esqymer some tymes of London mercer who was / Receyvor Genneral of the Duchye of / Cornewall and departed this lyfe the xxi daye of December 1575.

Above the knight's head are the arms of Cosowarth:—Argent, on a chevron between 3 falcons' wings (azure), 5 bezants, surrounded by mantling and surmounted by the

family crest—a wyvern's head couped (azure), purled (or), langued (gules). Above the lady's head are the arms of Lock:—Quarterly of six (azure and or), 3 falcons, 2 and 1, with wings addorsed, each holding in its beak a padlock (all counter-changed).

In 1553 Sir John Cosowarth was appointed with Sir Edward Waldegrave to the office of Receiver-General of the Duchy of Cornwall, to be held for their joint lives and the life of the survivor.

He succeeded to the family



### FROM THE FULL-LENGTH BRASS OF THE WIFE OF SIR JOHN COSOWARTH SHOWING THE BULLET-HOLE IN THE BRASS

See letter: A Cornish Brass

estates in Cornwall on the death of his nephew in 1567. He directed a "Tombstone of the value of tenne Pounds" to be placed over his grave.—A. E. KNIGHT, *Newquay, Cornwall.*

### THE DEVIL'S CAULDRON

SIR,—With early Autumn days to come, and the possibility of nice hot weather, there still exists the grim possibility of our beautiful heath and common lands being destroyed by fire, often carelessly started. The accompanying picture shows to what proportions such fires may grow as this one at the Devil's Punch Bowl at Hindhead, Surrey. Such fires are very difficult to stop, and more often than not reach for miles with a gentle breeze blowing, leaving behind a scorching, charred mass of undergrowth.—S. G. TICEHURST, *Horsham, Sussex.*

### CATERPILLARS IN CONVOY

SIR,—While crossing a farm-yard in Italy last April I came across what at first sight appeared to be a length of animated rope lying on the ground; but I soon found this to be instead a convoy of caterpillars, all in line and moving slowly towards a hedge. There were 49 in all, each one about an inch in length and woolly. Each was touching the one in front and at the head was a larger specimen.

For several yards I was able to trace the way they had travelled by a narrow track in the dust. It was clear that they all followed exactly in the tracks of their leader. Our dog was as surprised as we were to see such a sight and sniffed at the column with such vigour that the caterpillars in the middle curled up and would not move again until the dog had gone. In curling up they broke the column and the ones in



### NOT A VOLCANO, BUT FIRE AT THE DEVIL'S PUNCH BOWL

See letter: The Devil's Cauldron

front immediately halted, while those behind continued to move blindly on until all were milling around in the utmost confusion. It seemed that all were blind except the leader. We attempted to restore them by hand to their original places in the column, and did in fact succeed in a few cases. Nearby was a second, similar column of 52 caterpillars, also led by a larger specimen of the same breed, and all travelling in the opposite direction. Our curiosity attracted the farmer and his wife, neither of whom had witnessed a scene like this before. Several hours later I searched the farm-yard and all the caterpillars had gone. Were these caterpillars blind, and if so, can you tell me where they were going?—H. R. LAWRENCE



A STAINED GLASS PICTURE OF "CLIPPING THE CHURCH"

See letter: A Guiseley Custom

(Capt.). C.S.O.'s Branch, H.Q., L.F.G., C.M.F.

No, the caterpillars were not blind, they were merely processional caterpillars on the march. The larvae of the processional moth have the peculiar habit of moving to a fresh feeding place in line ahead, nose to tail, as described by our correspondent. It is said, but we do not vouch for this, that if the head of the leader is turned until it touches the tail of the last caterpillar, the procession will mill round in a circle until its members are exhausted.—Ed.]

## WAR PRISONERS' MEALS

SIR,—I was glad to see the reference in your paper to the haversack lunches issued to German prisoners of war. I have employed from eight to twelve prisoners for some weeks and our A.E.C. has employed a large number on heavy spade and shovel work similar to what the men must have experienced in their *Arbeitsdienst*.

Even if we accept the statements of our agricultural liaison officers, who are in touch with the camps, that the prisoners prefer to have their main meal when they return to camp, the fact remains that the four "door-steps" and scrape referred to by your correspondent, *Cincinnatus*, is not an adequate diet for a European doing a full day of manual work. The men whom I have employed have been clearing up the mess left by war-time wood-cutters, sowing lime, loading and off-loading fairly heavy timber and stacking hay. A large proportion of the men sent to my county seem to be very young, many in their teens and beardless. These youths will soon be expected to fork heavy crops of grain, serve threshing mills, and work in the potato fields.

While nobody will want to treat Germans softly, they ought to be treated fairly. It ought to be possible for those in authority to work out an adequate Spartan dietary using home-grown products. For instance, I would suggest that the prisoners should be issued with rye which they could prepare for themselves, and which they would probably welcome as an improvement upon our degenerate and insipid white flour. They should also be taught the use of barley and oatmeal.—H., Brechin, Angus.

## A GUISELEY CUSTOM

SIR,—As the old custom of "clipping the church" survives at Guiseley, West Yorkshire, near my home, I thought you might care to see the enclosed photograph showing part of a memorial window in the church (St. Oswald's) which represents the performance of this picturesque custom.

Dressed in Elizabethan style, four children are holding garlands, typifying the youngsters of the parish who every year at St. Oswald's Festival (it fell on August 4 this year) form a



ASSAN AND A FRIEND

See letter: Assan the Falcon

circle around the church and then, with the adults, make for the Elizabethan rectory singing in procession St. Oswald's Ballad, whose 10 verses recall the life and martyrdom of the Northumbrian "hero-king."

Another light in the window shows the children with garlands in front of the charming old rectory.

The Festival is also the occasion of public addresses being delivered from Guiseley Market Cross.—G. BERNARD WOOD, Rawdon, near Leeds.

## ASSAN THE FALCON

SIR,—His home, according to the text-books, is Abyssinia. But since falcons are born with the wanderlust, I daresay the cradle of this Assan of ours rocked in some jungle tree far from this original domicile.

We got him as a present in Togoland. He was quite tame and friendly, and if he had not developed such an insatiable appetite for the chicks in our neighbour's garden he would never have fallen captive to the cage he now inhabits.

Assan has his own point of view about life: he comes to full realisation of himself only in, so to speak, bird's eye view. When we put a dove in the cage with him, Assan did not harm her least feather. He struck up an immediate and intimate friendship with her because he regarded her at such close quarters as inedible. It is touching to see how tenderly they yield to each other, the falcon never suspecting how appetising his fair neighbour is, the dove never suspecting the falcon's appetite. But poor dove, if our Assan chanced to see her on the pavement from the high look-out of our window! A cloud of feathers is all that he would leave of her.—E. L. R. M., Accra Gold Coast Colony.

## VANISHED FORT WILLIAM

SIR,—While going through some of my old photographs the other day I came across the enclosed picture, which was taken about fifteen years ago. It shows the Governor's House of the old fort which was erected by General Hugh Mackay in 1690 and demolished just before the outbreak of the second world war. It was from this building that the old Commandant's Room, panelled in native Scotch pine and associated with the Massacre of Glencoe, was taken before demolition and re-erected in the West Highland Museum, Fort William. My photograph of the historic apartment appeared in your issue of December 8, 1944.

Those of your readers who are

keen Stevensonians will be interested to learn that it was in the Governor's House, Fort William, that James Stewart, "James of the Glens," was lodged following his arrest for the famous Appin Murder, immortalised by R. L. S. in *Kidnapped*.—CYRIL R. ROWSON, Liverpool 11.

## A FINE OVERMANTEL

SIR,—In a ground-floor room at College Farm, Purton, Wiltshire, is a fine carved oak overmantel dated 1626. The achievement of arms on it is of interest as it represents the great-grandparents of two Queens of England. The arms are those of Laurence Hyde (died 1590) and his wife Anne, daughter of Nicholas Sybill of Chimham, Kent, and were probably inserted by their third son, Henry, in 1626.

Laurence and Anne were the grandparents of Edward Hyde, Earl



AT COLLEGE FARM, PURTON, WILTSHIRE

See letter: A Fine Overmantel

of Clarendon, the Lord Chancellor. His daughter Anne married James, Duke of York, afterwards James II, their daughters being Queen Mary and Queen Anne. The arms of Sybill are a tiger looking at itself in a mirror, and perpetuate a pleasant conceit about the means of escape from the beast; the latter stops to argue the possession of the human with the reflected tiger, thus enabling the man to retire gracefully out of harm's way. Figures of Faith and Hope flank the achievement.—P. S. SPOKES, Oxford.

## TIGER WARE

SIR,—The caption to the picture illustrating my letter on Tiger Ware in *COUNTRY LIFE* of August 17 should have read: (Above) Sherds of English Tiger Ware showing colour "mottled." (Below) Sherd of Roman Ware showing colour "fixed."

I must apologise for having apparently sent you a confused caption, or perhaps none at all.—A. G. WADE, Ash Cottage, Bentley, Hampshire.



THE GOVERNOR'S HOUSE, FORT WILLIAM, ERECTED 1690, NOW DEMOLISHED

See letter: Vanished Fort William





*Health from Nature*

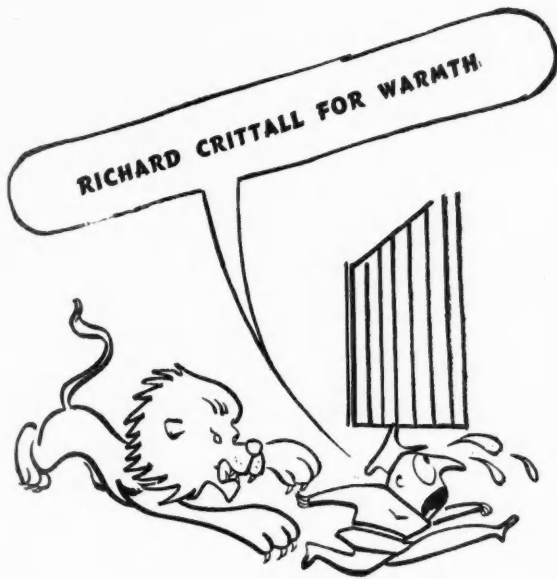
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## Ours is the Future

FROM TIME TO TIME, in the course of a nation's history, it is given to a few brief generations of men to determine the fate of their civilization. On their judgment and action depends the future of society for centuries to come. They set the course—to the nobility of high endeavour or back on the road to barbarism from whence they sprung.

Today, an immense responsibility is ours. We are the custodians of the future. We are at the birth of a new age. But what will we bring forth—an age that will fulfil the high aspirations of mankind, or another era of strife in which the forces of evil may yet triumph?

The answer may well depend on the efforts of each one of us during the next decade, for unless we all—individually as well as collectively—contribute something towards the solution of the major problems of our times, there can be little hope for our civilization.

Now, what are these problems that must be solved before man can live as man should, and how can we, as individuals, help to solve them?

There is the problem of ensuring freedom from want . . . of finding continued employment for millions. There is the problem of discharging the nation's debt . . . of maintaining the stability of our currency. There is the problem of fulfilling our pledges to those who look to us for succour—without endangering the interests of those who come after us. These are the problems. How can we, as individual members of our nation, help to solve them? The answer is manifold.

We can help by continuing to set an example to the world for courage, common sense and fundamental decency in peace, just as we did in war.

We can help by thinking clearly and realistically, and by acting upon the decisions born of that clear and realistic thinking, in a calm, unprovocative manner.

We can help by continued saving until the dangers of inflation are past.

We can help by remembering that those who do not agree with us are not necessarily against us—that our beliefs and our ideas are not the only beliefs and ideas that are right, though they may be best for us.

We can help by being as jealous for the honour and integrity of our beliefs as we are for the honour and integrity of our country.

Finally, and perhaps this is the most important point of all to be remembered, we can help by applying to all considerations of a national character, that self-same pride and loving interest we take in ensuring the continued welfare of our own families.

The age-long history of our islands is one of danger and difficulty boldly faced. In our hour of need, we have always found the answers to our difficulties deep in our hearts. It is there that we must look for the answers today—for ours is the future and the future is in our hearts.

*Perrie*  
CHAIRMAN



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## FARMING NOTES

# GOVERNMENT POLICY OF ADAPTATION

THERE was nothing in the King's Speech to make the farming community uneasy about their future. The reference to agriculture was "My Ministers will develop to the fullest possible extent the home production of good food. To this end they will continue with suitable adaptations those war-time policies under which food production has been organised and the efficiency of agriculture improved." Few will quarrel with this statement of policy. We know too that Mr. Tom Williams, the Minister of Agriculture, is a moderate man who has sufficient experience of agricultural politics to realise that violent changes in production targets or the rigid regulation of agriculture would not only upset the farming community but would also interfere with the flow of food production at a time when this island must rely mainly on what can be grown at home.

### War Policies to Last

THE continuation of "war-time policies" means presumably that war agricultural committees are being given an extended lease of life. "Suitable adaptations" foreshadows the switch-over from W.A.E.C.s as we know them to county advisory committees shorn of executive powers. My guess is that the "war-time policies" will run on for at least a year before the "suitable adaptations" can be made. The Labour Party has always made clear the importance it attaches to the regulation of farming in the national interest, and the war agricultural committees are ready-made instruments to hand. We may indeed find that agricultural executive committees are with us for a long spell. If this is contemplated, early provision should be made for an appeal tribunal to review any case where a man's standard of farming is so unsatisfactory to the county committee that they recommend the Minister to turn him out of his farm.

### Safeguards Needed

MY own view is that the nation will expect and require the maintenance of satisfactory standards of husbandry and that we may as well face now the necessity for perpetuating the functions of the war committees in this sphere. But let us have proper safeguards against abuses attributable to local prejudices. There are not many of them. Indeed the record of the committees has been an extraordinarily clean one, but a few doubtful cases are talked about widely. Let them all be reviewed by a tribunal. I do not mean of course little matters like a direction to grow a few acres of potatoes or clean out a ditch, but any recommendation that involves a man losing his farm should come up for independent review.

### Value of Local Work

WILL the members of war agricultural committees be willing to stay on at their jobs and continue giving one or two days a week to agriculture's service? I think most of them will. We have in this country a high tradition of public service. Many of the committee members, if they were not attending agricultural meetings, would be sitting on the bench or attending county council committees. Anyway, I hope they will stay on. Certainly I do not want to see detailed control handed over to the Ministry's officers operating locally or centrally. One reason why the food production campaign went so well under Mr. Hudson's leadership is that his predecessor, Sir Reginald Dorman-Smith,

held the confidence of farmers and was able to get the leading men in each county to start off the committees in 1939. Local team work has seen the job through smoothly so far, and I want to see that continue.

### Machinery Problem

IF we are to develop to the fullest possible extent the home production of food we shall need to keep our equipment and farm machinery up to date. By now, I hope, our own makers are busy producing more machinery. There is no strong reason why the United States should continue to help us by providing, if not giving, machinery which she wants for use in the States or for export to regain markets that have been closed in the war years. France has a good hoard of gold out of which she can pay for American machinery, but most of the other countries in Europe have nothing to offer America except the prospect of a continuing market for machinery. I see that U.N.R.R.A. has placed orders for 74,488 tons of farm machinery. Out of 14,500 tractors allocations have been made to Albania, Czechoslovakia, Greece, Yugoslavia, Poland, Belgium, Denmark, France, Italy, the Netherlands and Norway. Enough spare parts are being sent to last for 2 years. America is also sending 29,000 tons of other farm machinery to meet U.N.R.R.A.'s requests.

### One-man Balers

IF we in this country get nothing else from America I hope we shall secure some of the one-man balers that pick up hay from the windrow or straw from the combine and bale it tidily with the attendance of just one man. I have seen one of the two machines sent to this country for testing. It was making a first-rate job. This one-man baler, costing perhaps £500, would be a good investment for many farmers who are hard pressed for regular labour, but who will work themselves or have a reliable man who does not mind going on into the evening and through week-ends to get the job finished. We could make good use of 5,000 of these balers in time for next year's hay crop. Could not they be made in England, for the time being at least, under licence?

### Harvest Doing Well

DESPITE V holidays and some rain-storms corn harvest has been going well, and round me most of the wheat and oats is now in rick. The hens are out on the stubbles. This season barley has outpaced wheat and a good part of the crop is in rick too. What a pity it is that we cannot all keep pace better with thatching. I hate to see a crop of barley put together in first-class order, then the weather breaks and downpours penetrate right into the roof. It is not a great labour to put some loose straw on the top or, better still, make a top ridge with the bundles of straw that the thatcher will want when he comes to the rick. Some farmers always do this and it saves the grain in the top of the rick from getting weathered and spoiled. Ask your threshing contractor how many ricks have musty tops and how much corn is wasted because this precaution is not taken immediately. The total loss must be considerable. The ideal arrangement, of course, is to have at least one man following round thatching as soon as each field is clear, but skilled men are few and, as often as not, the thatcher on the farm is the best rick-builder, so he cannot be spared immediately. CINCINNATUS.



## THE ESTATE MARKET

## AUTUMN PROSPECTS GOOD

**T**HERE is every indication of a strong revival of activity in the estate market during the next three months. Not only are private owners putting properties up for sale, but some of the perpetual corporations who rank among great landowners are disposing of large acreages. As it is invariably found that smaller owners follow the lead of the large owners, a certain amount of business will flow from that quarter as well. Whatever the explanation may be, it is curious that quite a number of the farms now offered may be purchased with the right of early entry.

## DERBY HOUSE CHANGES HANDS

**A**TOWN mansion, Derby House, of exceptional interest, by reason of its ownership by the Earl of Derby and the tenancy which has recently been held, and continues to be held, by Messrs. Christie, Manson and Woods, has been sold. Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley have sold it, by order of the Earl of Derby, together with adjoining freeholds. Derby House occupies the broad end of that curious offshoot of Oxford Street, known as Stratford Place. The Place was laid out in 1775, by Edward Stratford, second Lord Aldborough, on land which had been leased by the Corporation of the City of London. It had, as its central feature, at the end and facing Oxford Street, Derby House, and from that point, on both sides, stood some of the once most fashionable mansions in the West End. In the centre of the Place stood a statue of George III, with commemorative inscriptions concerning British naval victories. This fell down in 1805 and was never re-erected.

Lord Aldborough was the first to occupy what later became famous as Derby House. Other occupants include Prince Esterhazy and the Duke of St. Albans. The Place accommodated, in some of its mansions, Sir Robert Smirke, H. W. Pickersgill, and another Royal Academician, Richard Cosway. The total freehold area now sold is roundly two-thirds of an acre, and it comprises, besides Derby House, now leased to Messrs. Christie, Manson and Woods, a couple of freeholds in Marylebone Lane, held on lease by Messrs. Debenhams.

The connection of the City Corporation with Stratford Place in bygone years arose in consequence of the City having, as long ago as the twelfth or thirteenth century, looked to the course of the Tyebourne for its water supply. The properties acquired for that purpose by the Corporation comprised what has since been known as the Conduit Mead estate along Bond Street to Piccadilly. Although, when the scheme was propounded, the citizens probably thought the expense terrifying, the financial results to the City have on the whole proved satisfactory.

## PROPOSITIONS IN THE WEST COUNTRY

**T**HE Molesworth-St. Aubyn Estates Company, Limited, has arranged with Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley and Button, Menhenitt and Mutton, Limited, to offer the Pencarrow estate of 4,150 acres, in the neighbourhood of Bodmin and Wadebridge, Cornwall, on September 7 at Wadebridge. The components of Pencarrow comprise St. Brock, 2,870 acres, and St. Kew, 684 acres, as well as Great Bodinell, which lies partly within the municipal boundary of Bodmin, and a variety of other lots, among them fishing rights in the Camel.

Other Cornish offers include a well-equipped freehold abutting on

the seashore between Newquay and St. Ives, and for this Messrs. Hampton and Sons are open to accept a disclosed and apparently moderate price.

A very well-known name is mentioned in a private offer by Messrs. Fox and Sons. It is Ogbeare Hall, eight miles from Launceston. The modernised 16th-century house stands in 217 acres, commanding views of Brentor and Dartmoor, and easy of access to the coast at Bude. The house contains a 16th-century panelled hall with a music gallery.

## MERTON COLLEGE LAND OFFERED

**B**UCKINGHAMSHIRE freeholds aggregating 1,366 acres, in the parishes of Princes Risborough, Monks Risborough and Horsendon, between High Wycombe and Aylesbury, will come under the hammer of Messrs. James Styles and Whitlock some time next month under the instructions of Merton College, Oxford. Particulars include Brimmer's Farm, 257 acres, with possession; Culverton Farm, 331 acres; Wardrobes Farm, 332 acres with a couple of houses; Widmer Farm, 144 acres; and Monkton Farm, 125 acres, as well as woodland, and land with a potential building value, and a fine old house at present let, in Princes Risborough.

## HOUSE FOR MAHARAJA OF BARODA

**S**IR MALCOLM CAMPBELL, represented by Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley, has negotiated the sale to the Maharaja of Baroda, of the Headley Grove Estate, near Walton Heath, Surrey. The 87 acres include a fine Georgian house.

Another Surrey residence, a beautiful example of the work of the late Sir Edwin Lutyens, with 12 acres, practically on Woking golf course, for disposal by Messrs. Farebrother, Ellis and Co., is one of the many, some people say too many, nice freeholds still subject to requisitioning. From the standpoint of owners it is gratifying that there are plenty of buyers who are willing to face the delay and other matters incident to the formalities of de-requisitioning of promising propositions.

Kentish offers include Freston Lodge, in 4 acres of land on an elevated position in Sevenoaks. Messrs. John D. Wood and Co. and Messrs. Ibbett, Mosely, Card and Co. will sell it, in two lots, locally on September 12.

A large extent of freehold property near Sevenoaks, 500 acres with Broomsleigh House, is in the hands of Harrods Estate Offices (acting with Messrs. Pattullo and Vinson) for disposal next month. Two large farms amply provided with cottages and buildings are among the features which Mr. Frank D. James is describing in the details which he hopes soon to issue.

## ESSEX AND SUSSEX SALES

**A**MONG a number of transactions by Messrs. George Trollope and Sons is that of the major portion of the Theydon Place estate, Epping, Essex, comprising the first-class residence, farm buildings, several cottages and 30 acres of land. The firm has also disposed of Eastlands, Billingshurst, a residential and agricultural property with about 54 acres; and, recently dealt with, is White Lodge, Alfriston, Sussex, a modern residence with three cottages and 9 acres of gardens. Messrs. George Trollope and Sons have also sold Mortimer House, Egerton Gardens, a large mansion in its own grounds; the old Chelsea house West House, Glebe Place, and the leases of 43 and 45, Lower Belgrave Street.

ARBITER.



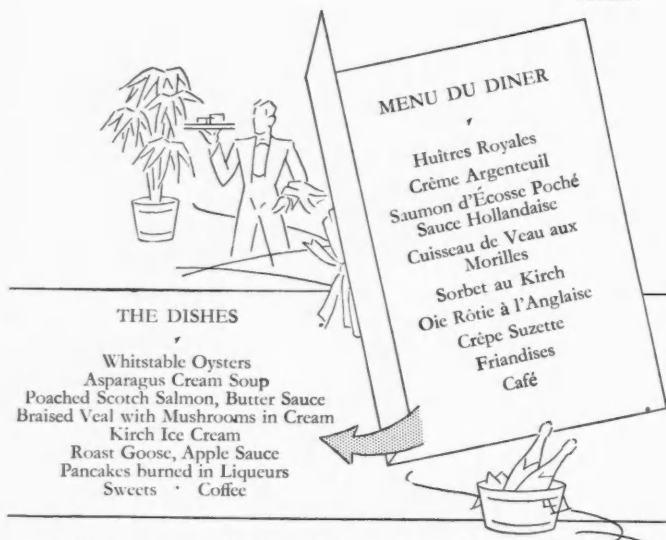
Painted by Miles de Montmorency.

**T**OM J. DAVIES was born in Swansea sixty-six years ago of a family which has long been associated with the metal trade. His grandfather, his father and several of his uncles were employed in the copper works where Mr. Davies himself began at the age of twelve years and where he is still working. During his 34 years in the industry he has gained experience of all branches of copper refining, but most of his industrial life has been spent as a 'lader'. When copper is being refined bars weighing 3 cwt. each have to be charged by hand into a furnace where they are melted. Some impurities float on the top of the molten metal and are skimmed off, others are eliminated by blowing air through it. The oxygen content of the copper is reduced to the correct proportion by plunging into the molten metal green wood saplings, each some twenty feet long and six inches in diameter. These char and decompose, producing charcoal and gases which combine with oxygen. Finally, the molten metal is 'laded' from the furnace to a mould designed to take exactly the right amount of metal for a specific purpose. This is done in hand ladles each carrying 40 lb. and calls for both skill and perfect physical fitness. Mr. Davies was carrying out this exacting work until he was 65. The copper which he refined was used for making the fire-boxes of locomotives. It is due to his skill and that of his fellow craftsmen that ingots are cast without internal flaws and can, in consequence, be rolled into the flawless plates which are essential both for a locomotive drawing a crack express train and a colliery shunting engine. On reaching retiring age in 1942, Mr. Davies gave up his job as a 'lader' but volunteered to remain in the works until victory is won. His experience enables him to step into any job at a moment's notice and fill temporary gaps caused by sickness or unexpected rushes of work. He has the satisfaction of knowing not only that he is making a direct contribution to the war effort, but indirectly assisting the efforts of his three boys in the forces and his daughter in a munition works.



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# IN PRAISE OF FICTION

By HOWARD SPRING

NOT long ago I received a letter from a lady who disagreed with something I had written in a newspaper article. It was all nonsense, she said, this stuff which I had written, but there! what was to be expected of a novelist? "You are used to exercising your imagination," she jibed, "so we must put up with you."

This lady's point of view is a common one. A great many people believe, with her, that to say a man exercises his imagination is a bitter reproach, whereas it is a tribute few of us novelists deserve; and they believe also that the chief function of a novelist is to "make up" things that have no reference to the truth. The fact is, of course, that no novel has much chance of survival unless it be true either to the life which men lead or to the life of the imagination as it is presented in the great mysteries and miracles.

The strange thing is that those who affect to despise fiction are usually great readers of novels—too often of bad ones. They would never admit that their reading is other than a pastime, and they will not often admit that they read novels at all. They feel that in novel readers there is something not quite up to the best mental standards. How often one hears the phrase: "Merely a novel," or "Only fiction," or "Just a story." And the people who use these expressions would never dream of saying: "Merely some philosophic Tommyrot," or "Only another historian's distortion," or indeed any such thing. Provided it be not fiction, any piece of writing seems to be regarded as an outcome of intellectual or spiritual travail, no matter how bogus, pretentious or nonsensical it may be.

### JANE AUSTEN'S DEFENCE

I was pleased, when re-reading *Northanger Abbey* the other day to come upon Jane Austen's stout defence of her own job. She pictures a young lady, surprised in the reading of a novel, laying it down with the explanation that it is: "Only Cecilia, or Camilla, or Belinda." "Or, in short," Jane goes on valiantly, "only some work in which the greatest powers of the mind are displayed, in which the most thorough knowledge of human nature, the happiest delineation of its varieties, the liveliest effusions of wit and humour are conveyed to the world in the best chosen language." The productions of novelists, she says, "have afforded more extensive and unaffected pleasure than those of any other literary corporation in the world," although "no species of composition has been so much decied."

I do not know any other place in all Jane Austen's novels where she stands outside the current of her story in order to utter a diatribe; and I imagine therefore that this was a matter about which she felt deeply.

What she says is true. And if it was true in her day, which was almost at the beginning of the novel as we know it, how much more true is it now, when to the "extensive and unaffected pleasure" which novels had then afforded, we must add that which comes from the works of Dickens and Thackeray, George Eliot,

the Brontës, Mrs. Gaskell, Trollope, and all the shining galaxy which from Fielding and Richardson onwards have made English fiction as rich and varied as any other in the world.

Not that we need stop at English fiction, for here I am saluting not the novelists of England, but the novelists of the world. Who that has beaten up the hot dust of Spain as he toiled in Quixote's footsteps, or gazed entranced with Herman Melville on a waste of waters, or suffered provincial and domestic agonies with Emma Bovary, or entered with Dostoevsky into the macabre underworld of the spirit, or marched with Tolstoy through the immense panoramas of war and peace; who that has made these journeys, or skated with Mr. Pickwick, or laughed with Uncle Toby, or picked a lock with Bill Sikes, or unravelled a clue with Sherlock Holmes, but knows in his heart that in the novel are to be found some of the most exalting, the most delectable, the most spiritually sustaining and mentally amusing moments of life?

### A CLOUD OF CANT

But for all this, it remains true that fiction is under a cloud—as I think, a cloud of cant. There still hangs about it something of the suspicion that the Puritan mind wove around the theatre. Play and novel alike were assumed to lack the "seriousness" of other works, be these never so dull, boring, preposterous, and, in the light of our own times, downright untrue and nonsensical. Something of this, I say, hangs about the novel to-day. I have seen leading articles in the newspapers, commenting on the statistics of the year's book trade, lamenting that so many of the books were novels.

It is true that for every good novel written there are ten bad ones, but is that not true of every other sort of book, and of every sort of picture painted, or sermon preached, or house built, or newspaper published? It is unfortunately true of human endeavour that the upshot of most of it is not satisfying; and if this be true of fiction, as of everything else, why single out the novelists for reprobation? When from each year's total of publishing the best book of the whole lot at last stands clear, it is ten to one that it will be novel, play or poem: in short, a work of the imagination.

One reason why the novel is so often looked at with a contemptuous sniff, and is not defended even by those who most enjoy it, is because we have wrong notions of the word "escape." Fiction is "escape literature," and, to say nothing of the Puritan tinge that remains in our blood, there is also the dreadful legacy of the industrial Nineteenth Century, when "escape" was not to be thought of. The Gradgrinds would not wish to escape from their counting houses, and they took care that the Stephen Blackpools did not escape from the factories. Life was real and life was earnest, and only a traitor to the Spirit of Progress, which has progressed to the point where we now stand, would dream of "escaping" into a world imagined by a fellow with a pen in his hand.



Now, although people increasingly did escape, and profoundly enjoyed their times of escape, this spirit was so pronounced that they were half-ashamed to admit what they had been at, and are still reluctant to do so. Hence the apologetic explanation: "Oh, it's only a novel."

What is wrong with escape? It is high time we admitted that we liked escaping, that we intended to escape on any and every occasion, and that we found in novels one of the most delightful and rewarding means of making the escape-adventure.

If Wordsworth is right in saying that shades of the prison-house descend upon the human spirit as the year thickens, who in his senses would not slip the bars and escape into the sunline of imagination? Who shall say that this escape is not into reality itself? Is it any wonder that tyrants destroy these works of imagination that allow men's minds and souls to escape for awhile out of the narrow cell wherein their dogmas seek to make them unimaginative and malleable day?

After all, we are escaping every day of our lives, so far as there is opportunity to do so. The speculation of philosophers and theologians are nothing more than their method of escaping, and offering others the means of escape, from the perplexities and doubts that beset the human mind and soul. There is no finality in their conclusions; they are matter of debate, assertion and refutation; many of them are as baseless as the fabric of a dream, and, for ought we know, all may be so. But to read the works in which these speculations are set forth is not spoken of as an "escape," yet it is so, and a valid escape, as all escapes are that bring no harm upon our fellow beings.

#### HOBBIES FOR ESCAPE

What is a hobby—chess, gardening, carpentry, what you will—but an escape? We escape when we go for our annual holidays, and with what joy do not many poor souls escape by the mere daily act of shaking the dust of office, shop or factory from their feet?

And what do we escape from? Why, from the barrenness, the nothingness, that life is, apart from what we can imaginatively put into it. And it is imagination that so many people decry! "A mere work of the imagination!"

And what do we escape into? Ah! there is the point where fiction holds the biggest bunch of keys. You can escape with Eugene Sue into the stews of Paris, or with Milton, whose *Paradise Lost* is, after all, a great poetic novel, you can wander on the plains of Paradise. You can accom-

pany Karinth on his *Journey Round the Inside of My Skull*, or that Frenchman who travelled so delightfully *Autour de ma Chambre*, or with Olaf Stapledon, you can visit the farthest reaches of the Cosmos and the last imaginable tracts of time.

There is no end to it, and good luck to you in your wandering, for God knows this is a world to escape from if you can; and if you know of better guides upon the journey, men and women more fully equipped to send you back refreshed, than the novelists of the world, then you have the advantage of me.

Who is any one of us to scoff even at the man who takes his pleasures among the simple storytellers, unpretentious, good at their game, whom we have so abundantly produced? There are not many quite of that school now; but what pleasures they have given—Seton Merriman, Rider Haggard, Stanley Weyman, Conan Doyle—what hours they have relieved from the tedium of the dreadful world going so fast to the devil with improving maxims on its lips and a scowl for the awful crime of thinking that fiction was better than its sordid reality.

#### THE GREAT NOVELISTS

That was the function of those good tale-tellers; but the great novelists—Dostoevsky, Dickens, Flaubert, Tolstoy—the four greatest of them all—can take the sordid reality itself, pour the light of imagination upon and through the horrid lump, and set the soul singing even in its dungeon. No, indeed: even the little novelist may hold up his head; the great one, if he find his head bowed down, does so because of the weight of a crown such as few men wear.

Mr. H. G. Wells wondered once upon a time whether he and his contemporaries might not be the last of the novelists, whether the day-to-day chronicle of events might not take the place of fiction. For one himself so splendidly endowed, Mr. Wells can be singularly obtuse. He himself may find in the contemplation of events nourishment enough for his faculties of imagination; but the millions of men and women who are in the daily stress and grind, and who, however the world wags, will so remain: these will demand something more than an annual precis of newspaper reports, however skilfully presented. They will always, and rightly, demand escape in one form or another, and, for myself, I see no sign that they have tired, or are likely to tire, of the royal road of imagination endlessly laid by those great spirits who write the people's novels.

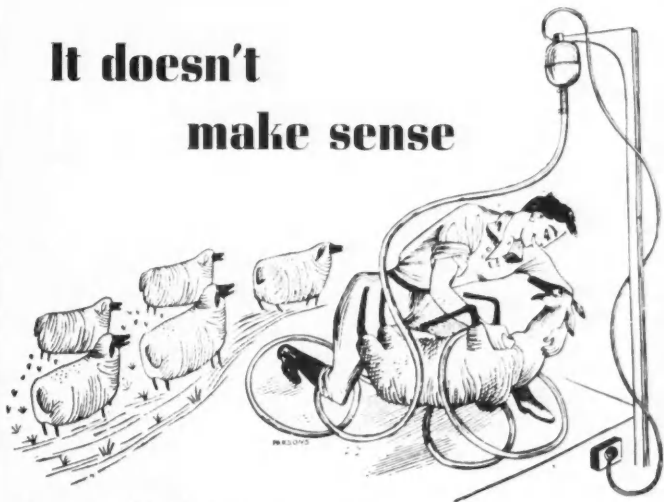
#### THE NEST

BY blackbirds' bowings to brown mistresses  
I rede there will be nests along these hedges.  
We shall go out, one shouting Winter day—  
The ship clouds sailing steadily all one way,  
Wheeling the spokes of sunbeams swift and wide  
When the land set free)  
And by the layered edge of this wood-side  
We'll suddenly stop near by; stand, stooping over  
To see the dark throat pulsing, the still eye  
Fixed fast in fearful courage; hear the cry

As terror gets the mastery, and she threads  
Down through the thorns away.  
Then shall we stoop our heads  
Above the tangle—there in the warm cup  
Find four or five bright eggs—and go our ways  
Foolishly lifted up as though by hope.  
While she, when we be safely out of range,  
Will creep beneath the thorns in passionate doubt,  
Find the eggs safe, and nestle them like pain  
To the warm comfort of her body pressed,  
Drawing the ache of motherhood back again.

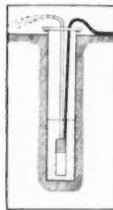
FRANK KENDON.

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# COUNTRY STYLES

COUNTRY tweeds, styled for this Autumn, look more voluminous. The tweeds themselves add to this effect, for they are rough-surfaced and soft and pliable in texture. Jackets are longer, skirts a fraction longer and the hemlines on both skirts and coats wider. Topcoats have full backs, when they hang straight, raglan sleeves or wide bishops' sleeves. Almost all of them have a deep armhole, and many are given deep inverted pleats or darts and unpressed pleats. Colours are cheerful. Checks are beginning to appear again, mostly as line checks in a bright clear colour on a mixed neutral ground, but the big patterned herring-bone and the bird's-eye fleck are still the most popular patterns. Almost all colours are rich and glowing; browns are mahogany or cocoa, reds are lip-stick reds, crimson, dahlia, cherry. Maroon is a shade that is used effectively with the reds, chestnut brown with a very bright green and plum; so is a clear yellow and the tangerine that is being starred in the Cumberland tweed range.

Brown shoes outnumber all others, though a considerable amount of other colours is shown in the ranges of the casual type of country shoe, where Lincoln green or crimson and russet brown are fashionable combinations, and cherry and scarlet leaders among the solid colours.

The Norwegian type of slipper is popular, generally with a wedge and in bright colours, though the russet brown of the Norwegian man's slipper, the prototype of them all, still appears a good deal. This type of last has proved so very comfortable that it has



A coat designed for export by "Country Life Wear" in tangerine and woodcock brown with a big armhole, raglan sleeve and a pleated, belted back. This type of coat is being made for this country with certain modifications

become a classic for the country. It is also worn a great deal in town in cherry and scarlet, in calf and grained calf. Joyce are showing a new cherry Casual with white stitching on its apron and a tab and tongue, and have combined with Dents to make an attractive, matching trio of satchel bag, pull-on gloves and slippers. These are produced for export, but a few will be on the market in this country in the late Autumn and it is advisable to order them now. It is refreshing to see a matching set of accessories once again and they will certainly cheer up a tired set of tweeds. The nut-brown calf or chestnut brown reversed calf shoe made on Norwegian lines, with tab in front or fastening at the side, is featured by most of the big manufacturers. There is generally a wedge heel, or the encased cushion heel of the Brevitt Bouncer, and the shoes are punched or stitched in front. For rough country wear, Church is designing once again a water-proofed welted sole on a laced model that is an excellent walking shoe for Autumn or Winter. Russell and Bromley make it in a dark, nigger brown calf with ridged sole and heel to grip.

The lighter type of court shoe shows more change in line. For one thing, the restrictions on the use of metal have been lifted, and it is now possible to make buckle shoes again and use metal studs for decoration. Lotus show one of the prettiest court shoes for the Autumn with the lower-cut to the



A country walking shoe in calf with a waterproof welted sole by Church from Russell and Bromley

Left: Lace shoe by Church in nigger and tan with strong welted sole; Right: Wedge shoe in nigger suede and kid with side fastening. Russell and Bromley.





*always look for the name*

**MORLEY**



gloves • stockings • undies • knitwear



Finest wool georgette is used by Hershel for this model jumper suit. It is completed by new deep armholes, outlined with contrast bands, crochet belt and buttons...

... look for the name **HERSHEL** on the label.

vamp outlined by a neat row of gold metal studs and a few more on the flat bow. Another Lotus shoe has star-shaped studs on its flat leather bow. Both these are strong enough to be classed as walking shoes for town, dressy enough to be worn in the evening for dinner. Lighter court shoes at the London Shoe Co. have a buckle shaped like a crown and are otherwise quite plain. Some court shoes are cut low on to the toes in front with a V-shaped opening and a tiny bow, a style which makes the foot and ankle look very slim. These have the highest heel that is possible under the existing regulations. All the shoe designers tell me that the moment restrictions are removed heels will go high and the open-backed, open-toed shoes popular now on the Continent and in America will appear very quickly. Blue prints are ready and this kind of shoe is easy to wear and makes the foot look small whether it has a high wedge heel or a platform sole and a leather heel. Other court shoes shown for this Winter are square-toed and have a flat bow or an apron front edged with punching or white machine stitching. This is a style which makes the vamp and the foot look shorter than it actually is. A comparatively light laced shoe shown by Brevitt has the high wedge similar to the styles shown in Paris. This is an attractive shoe in tan calf with the large punching that



(Left to right) A wedge in tan calf with large punching; Puck Bouncer with the encased heel in suède and leather; a wedge shoe in nutbrown calf with an apron front. Brevitt

For the babies, there are, at Fortnum and Mason's, smart kid, lambskin and white rabbit booties with soft soles, tying firmly in front. These are made in scarlet kid lined with flannel or curly white lamb or in lamb dyed pink and blue with the curly side for lining. Wedge soles with tops in quilted coloured kid, lambskin, felt, or in crochet yarn to stitch on are brilliantly coloured. These soles now require coupons, but they are strong and well made and the tops can be contrived out of old quilted bedjackets and lambskin. The same thing goes for the children. You can buy strong leather soles lined with lamb with the holes already punched to stitch the uppers onto.

In Paris, they are making high wedge soles in cork, for grown-ups knitting on scarlet tops and lining them with white rabbit-skin. These frivolous boots are being worn in the house in Paris in cold weather and are very warm.

P. JOYCE REYNOLDS.



**Skin  
needs  
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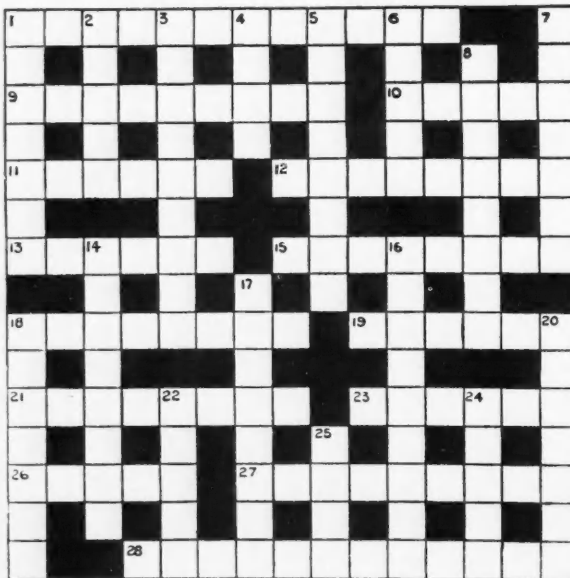
Nivea Creme penetrates deep into the tissues beneath the skin surface. It replaces the natural health and beauty elements that the skin continually loses through washing, sun and wind.

Herts Pharmaceuticals Ltd., Welwyn Garden City

## CROSSWORD No. 814

Two guineas will be awarded for the first correct solution opened. Solutions (in a closed envelope) must reach "Crossword No. 814, COUNTRY LIFE, 2-10, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C.2," not later than the first post on Thursday, September 6, 1945.

NOTE.—This Competition does not apply to the United States.



Name .....

Address .....

**SOLUTION TO No. 813.** The winner of this Crossword, the clues of which appeared in the issue of August 24, will be announced next week.

ACROSS.—1, Repents; 4, Strange; 9, Under the sea; 11, Rage; 12, Adds; 13, Regrets; 15, Styles; 16, Screen; 19, Kipper; 20, Bursts; 23, Batons; 26, Ferret; 27, Distort; 28, Aire; 30, Arne; 31, Snapdragons; 32, Minster; 33, Odyssey. DOWN.—1, Red rose; 2, Erne; 3, Themes; 5, Treats; 6, Area; 7, Erasing; 8, Stork; 9, Ugly Sisters; 10, Adventurers; 13, Respond; 14, Scarlet; 17, Ire; 18, Ebb; 21, Absalom; 22, Streaky; 24, Simple; 25, Stark; 26, Frigid; 29, Ends; 30, Ants.

### ACROSS.

1. They have not lost heart or weight (5, 7)
9. Describes one kind of uninvited guest (9)
10. There are three to fill now instead of two (5)
11. Put one of "The Big Three" in the chair (6)
12. Of stars or grapes? (8)
13. Ugly marks (6)
15. There would appear to be Communist activity underground (8)
18. "Blank misgivings of a ———  
Moving about in worlds not realised."  
—Wordsworth (8)
19. This is not calcined stone (6)
21. View from Land's End, or of it? (8)
23. But these noises are not made by the birds in the end (6)
26. "He left the name, at which the world grew pale,  
To point a moral, or ——— a tale."  
—Dr. Johnson (5)
27. On the way there is a train-smash and things get broken (2, 7)
28. Unstable denizen of the nursery (7, 5)

### DOWN.

1. Not much of a tree (7)
2. Notorious for their large appetites (5)
3. Bridges of beauty (9)
4. Pretty end for an artist (4)
5. Nickname for John (8)
6. Turn over the straw and they come out (7)
7. Out of employment (7)
8. Large tin (anagr.) (8)
14. With no art he's become a celebrated cabinet-maker (8)
16. You should be able to grasp it when in this (4, 5)
17. Four across the bar (8)
18. One of Shakespeare's Romans starts the ball (7)
20. Test ore (anagr.) (7)
22. It comes from the heart of Africa (5)
24. Sewer into river (5)
25. Where to go to acquire tone? (4)

The winner of Crossword No. 812 is

Mrs. E. M. Fleetwood,  
Creeping St. Mary Rectory,  
Ipswich, Suffolk.

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